THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXXII.—No. 1591

JUNE 12, 1934

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

the BYSTANDER

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Le Touquet.—Regina Hotel.—Latest 1st cl. Hotel on beach. Opp. swimming pool. Casino 200 yds. Mod. Rates. H. Mosesco, Manager.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Bristol.—First-class. From Frs. 70 daily. Near sea. G. S. Heathcote, M.V.O., O.B.E., Proprietor.

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GERMANY.

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Baden-Baden.—Hotel Zähringerhof.—130 beds. Pension from RM. 8, or with pte. thermal bath from RM. 10.

Bad Ems.—State Hotels Kurhaus and Römerbad. — The two leading hotels, same management. All comf. Pens. fr. RM. 9.50.

Bad Nauheim.—"Der Kaiserhof." — First-class hotel. Large gdn. fac. baths & Kurpark. 150 rms., 50 bathrms. Pension from RM. 11.

Bad Nauheim.—Carlton Kurhaus.—Strictly first-class. Best English clients. Home-like in every way.

Bad Nauheim.—Autors Hotel Prince of Wales.—Fam. Hotel pref. by Eng., all mod. comf. Mod. prices, ex. cuisine. Prop., A. Leuner.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite Bath-houses. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM. 10.

Bad Nauheim. — Hotel Bristol. — Directly opposite the Baths. Pension Arrangements from RM. 9.—Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1934.

Bad Nauheim. — Park Hotel. — First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus). — Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with pte. toilette and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from RM. 11.

Coblence.—Hotel Riesen-Fürstenhof.—1st class. Terrace overlooking the Rhine. Full Pens. 9 Mks. up. Room 4 Mks. up.

Coblence.—Koblenzer Hof.—The leading hotel. Wonderful site fcg. Rhein. Garage. Rooms from RM. 4, with pension RM. 9

Dresden—Hotel Bellevue, the ldg. Htl. Wld. renwnd. Unique pos. on the River. Gdn.-Pk. Terraces. Gar. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

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First class—quiet location in old park. Rooms from 5 RM.

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München—Hotel "Der Königshof."—Karlsplatz 25. 1st-class, near theatres & museums —150 rms., 50 baths. New underground gar.

München — Hotel Gruenwald.—
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300 beds. Every comfort.

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Schlangenbad.—Kurhaus Hotel.—Greatest and most fashionable hotel in Schlangenbad. Tea concert. Dancing. Lock-up Garages.

Wiesbaden — Hotel Schwarzer Bock. — 1st cl. fam. hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. from Mk. 8.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*continued.*

GERMANY—*continued.*

Wiesbaden—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pension from RM. 10.

Wiesbaden—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pension from 11 Marks.

Wildbad.—Hotel Quellenhof.—A famous Hotel in a famous Spa. Thermal baths. Trout fishing. Pension from RM. 10.

Wildbad.—Concordia Hotel.—Facing the Kurgarten, near Baths and Tennis. Garage. Full board RM. 8—10.

ITALY.

Brioni.—Hotel Brioni.—The fash'ble isl. of all sports. Golf (18 h.), polo, sail'g, fish'g, ten., shootg., beach. Perfect resort for holidays.

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Viareggio.—Grand Hotel Royal.—300 rms. Comf. Best pos. nr. sea & for. Open Rest. Orches. distract. New Man., Cav. F. Paletto.

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Saltsjobaden (near Stockholm). — Grand Hotel.—Ldg. Tourist Htl. A house with ev'ry comf. for those des'g the best. Reas. terms.

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Adelboden.—Bernese Oberl'd.—1,467 ft. **Hotel Adler & Kursaal**—well known for home-like comf. Ten., swim., excur Tms. fr'm Frs. 11.50

Axenfels, Lake Lucerne.—Palace Hotel.—Exc. for Rest and Recreation. Golf. Tennis. Swimming. Diet. Pens. from Frs. 14.

Baden-les-Bains (near Zürich). — Grand Hotel.—First-class Cure Establishment for Arthritism. Large Park.

Basle—Schweizerhof — First-class. Every modern comfort. Open-Air Restaurant. Private Auto-Parking. Room from Frs. 7.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage.—Finest pos. on the lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. All mod. comfort. Former prices reduced. Rms. fm. Sw. Frs. 7.

Geneva.—La Residence.—1st-cl. Resid. All comf. Spl. Roof-Gard. Tenn. Open-air Rest. Marv. view on lake & mount. Pens. fm. 12 frs.

Geneva. — The Regina. — Up-to-date—On Lake Centre. Open Air Rest, overlkg. lake & City. Incl. Price 15s., with priv. bath 17s. 6d.

Geneva. — Hotel Richemond. — First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from 7 Frs.

Geneva.—Hotel de Russie.—Best position on the lake. Facing Alps and Mt. Blanc. Latest comfort. Rooms from 6 Frs.

SWITZERLAND—*continued.*

Geneva. — Hotel Victoria. — Facg. English garden & lake. Homelike, every mod. comf. Rooms from Fr. 4.50. Pension from Fr. 12.

Glion.—Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.—2,270 ft. Ideal pos. Overlooking Lake of Geneva. 1st cl. Cuisine. Incl. terms from Fr. 12.

Gunten—Park Hotel.—Full south on lake front. First-class family Hotel. Bathing, Tennis, Golf. Pension S. Frs. 13—up.

Gurnigel.—Bernese Oberl'd.—(3,900 f. a.s.). Sum. & Win. **Grand Htl.,** 1st-cl. 300 b. bths. Diet. Forests. T. Or. Wkly. terms incl. £5 7 0.

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Lausanne—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position. First-class cuisine. Diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive from £5 . 0 . 0.

Lausanne.—The Hotel Victoria.—Homelike house; latest comfort. Rooms from 5 Frs. Inclusive from 13 Frs. Garden. Garage.

Lucerne. — Carlton Hotel. — 1st-cl. Finest situation on lake. Reasonable terms. Private lake baths free for guests. Pk. Ten. Gar.

Lucerne. — The National. — Best location, direct on lake. All sports. Room fr. 8. Pens. fr. 18 Frs. Dir.: A. de Micheli.

Lucerne.—Hotel Schweizerhof.— A Home away from Home. Ever. com. Pers. attention. Golf, 18 holes. Ten., Beach. O. Hauser, Prop.

Montreux.—Hotel Continental—on the lake. 1st cl. Up-to-date. Ideal Home. Charm. pos. Gard. Gar. New Rates. (Res. Prop., W. Deig.)

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. face lake. Mod. comf. Golf. Ten. L'ge P'k. Gar. Beach.

Mürren.—Grand Hotel & Kurhaus.—Take your "Holidays in the Alps." 3 Tennis Crts. In June Alpine Flora. Terms en pension 18/-

Thun.—Hotels Bellevue & Park.—Central position for excursions. Excellent cuisine. Pension from Frs. 10.

Vevey.—Grand Hotel de Vevey.—Large park with direct access to lake. Own beach. 2 tennis. Boating. Incl. rate (pen.) with bath £1.

Vevey.—Park Hotel Mooser.—Great comfort. Terrace overlooking lake. Pens. Frcs. 12.50 upwards. Ch. Hauser.

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—"The best of the best." Ten., bath'g, mountaineering, danc'g. Incl. terms from Frs. 16. Fritz Borter, Prop.

Zurich. — Dolder Grand Hotel. — Golf in front of Hotel, 1,900 feet. Wonderful view. Swimming pool.

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The Bystander, June 12, 1934 No. 1591. Vol. CXXII.

The BYSTANDER

Walter Bird

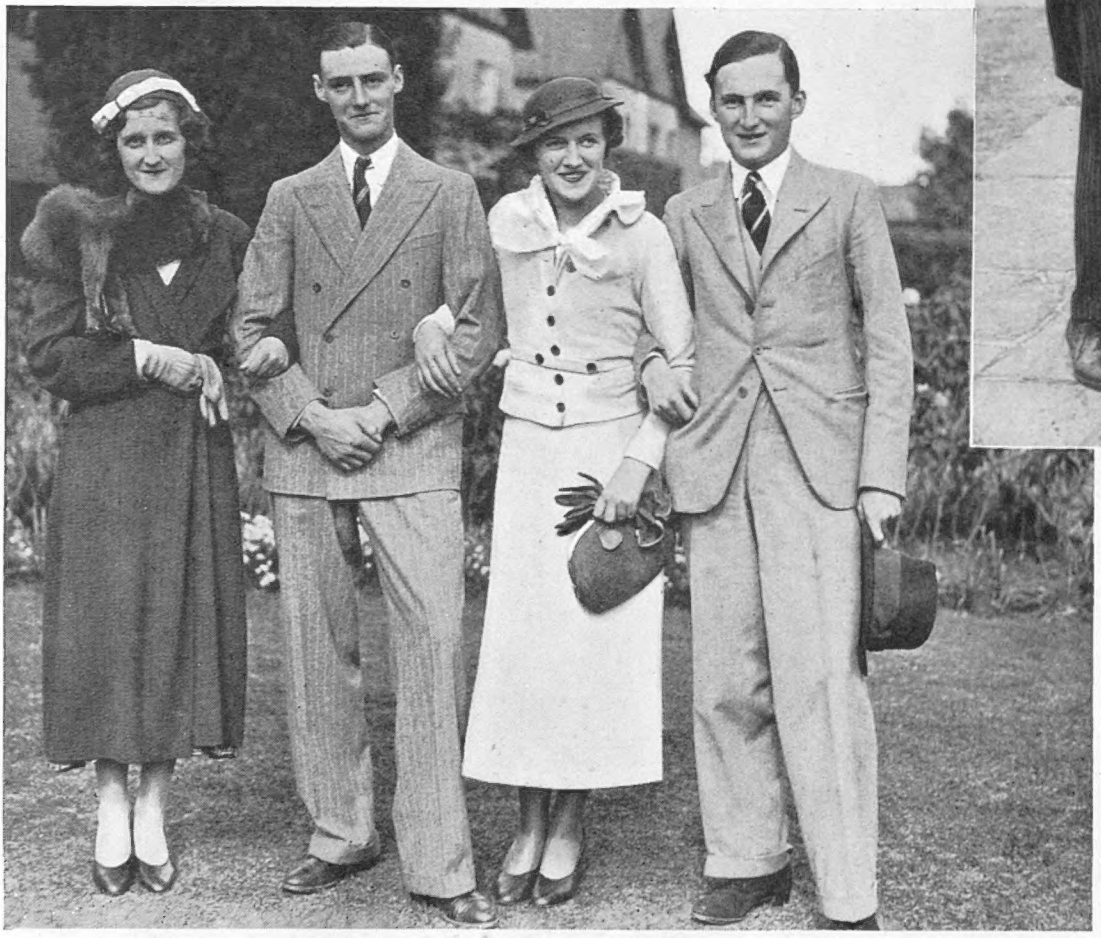
CAROL GOODNER

A new portrait of the clever young actress who is playing lead opposite Godfrey Tearle, in "Living Dangerously," which started its run at the Strand Theatre last Thursday. The play is written by Reginald Simpson and Frank Gregory, and the part of the doctor hero, who takes such risks that he gets into trouble with his profession, was said to have been created specially for Godfrey Tearle. Carol Goodner began her stage career in New York in 1926, came to England for two years in 1927, then went back to New York till 1931, since when she has been in London. One of her most successful parts was as the blonde Kitty in "Dinner at Eight," and she also appeared in "Double Door"

In the Garden at the Country Club

Miss Daphne Henderson, and Lady Gloria Vaughan, two of this year's débutantes, Lord Lyell, who is an Old Etonian, and comes of age on June 19th, Miss Jon Verney, and Lord Anson, the Earl of Lichfield's elder son, who was twenty-one last month, all went down for the Fourth of June and spent part of their day at the Eton Country Club

Mr. George Harmood-Banner and his younger sister, Miss Frances Harmood-Banner, who dined with their mother, Lady Harmood-Banner, at the Eton Country Club before watching the fireworks from the garden, which looks out over the river



An Old Etonian, an Old Harrovian, a Sister, and a Débutante

The Hon. Jean Elphinstone and her brother, the Master of Elphinstone, who was at Eton and is now at Oxford, Lady Jane FitzRoy, whose brother, the Duke of Grafton, is Harrow and Cambridge, and Mr. Kenneth Crawley, a member of the famous Harrow cricketing family. More pictures of the Fourth are on pp. 490-1

"The Fourth"

Interlude at the Eton Country Club

Photos by Swaebe

Dancing in the Derby

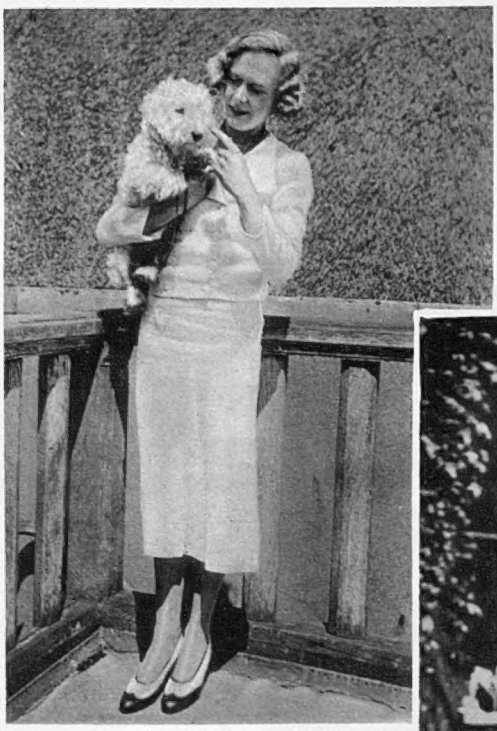
Last Week's Big Charity Ball

THE Derby Ball was held at Grosvenor House last week in aid of the Rosemary Ednam Ward of the Royal Northern Hospital. The Prince of Wales was there, and so was Prince George, who went with Lady Milbanke's party. She was the Chairman of the Ball, and, with her committee, worked hard to make it one of the best dances of the season

(1) Mr. and Lady Honor Channon, who gave a dinner-party of thirty before the Ball, at their St. James's Place house. (2) Lady Milbanke, the Chairman, with Sir John Milbanke. (3) Miss Patterson, the Duchess of Sutherland, who dined in the Channons' party, and Mr. Walter Dunkels. (4) Lord and Lady Bective, Miss Alicia Browne, and Sir Anthony Weldon. (5) Sir Philip Sassoon buying a programme from Miss Angela Dudley Ward. (6) Lord Hardinge, Mrs. Kenneth Homan, Miss P. Grace, and Mr. Kenneth Homan at supper. (7) Lord Stanley talking to the Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton

June Junketings

Out-door Activities Here, There, and Everywhere



"King Willow—King Willow"

Above: Mrs. Ian Akers-Douglas, who undertook the rôle of scorer in the match between the Free Foresters and Uppingham School, won by the latter, a fine side this year

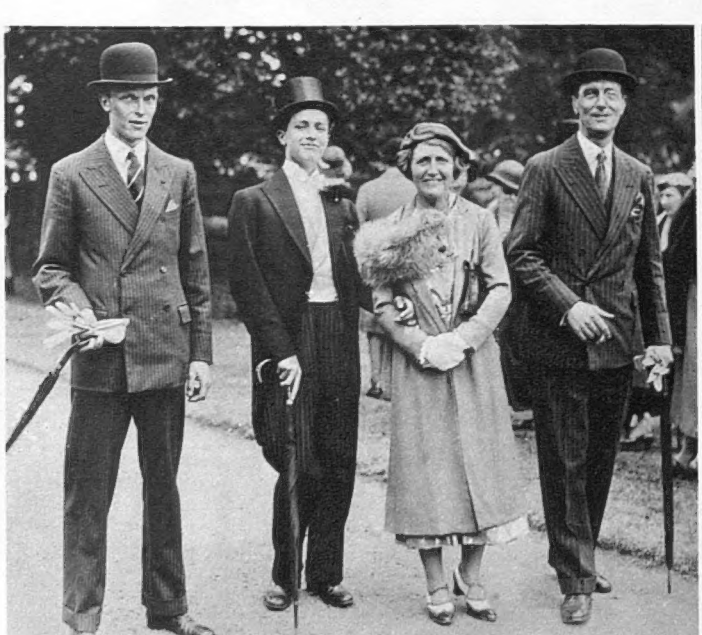
Above, left: The Earl of Dalkeith and Lord Dunglass going out to bat for the Lords and Commons against the Parliamentary Staff, in a match which took place at the Oval

In the Air at Heston

Left: Mrs. Birket, Miss Tyler, Mr. Coysh and Mr. B. S. Allen, some of the visitors to Hatfield Aerodrome, where the London Aeroplane Club held a garden party

Hunting the Hunters

The Hon. Lavinia Strutt and Lady Elizabeth Murray leaving Tattersalls when Lord Hillingdon disposed by auction of a number of his hunters



The World and His Wife at Eton on the Fourth of June

Mr. Dermot Musker, second on the left, shows round a family party, consisting of Mr. J. H. L. Musker, Mrs. Musker and Major Musker, on the Fourth of June at Eton

Mrs. K. Molesworth St. Aubyn and Mrs. Theo Hawke, two visitors to Eton on the famous "Fourth"

Miss Rennie and Lady Nugent, two more visitors who came to Eton for the annual festivities

Above: Mrs. Gordon Foster, Col. Spencer and Major Stapleton-Brether-ton meet on the race course at the first day of the Epsom Derby Meeting

Right: Mrs. Cleave, Miss Cayzer, Mrs. Gibbons, Captain Cleave and Captain Clauson watching the polo match, Friar Park and Les Diables, played at Hurlingham

Right: the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Hardy and Col. Crawford, some more spectators who watched the racing on the first day at the Epsom Derby Meeting

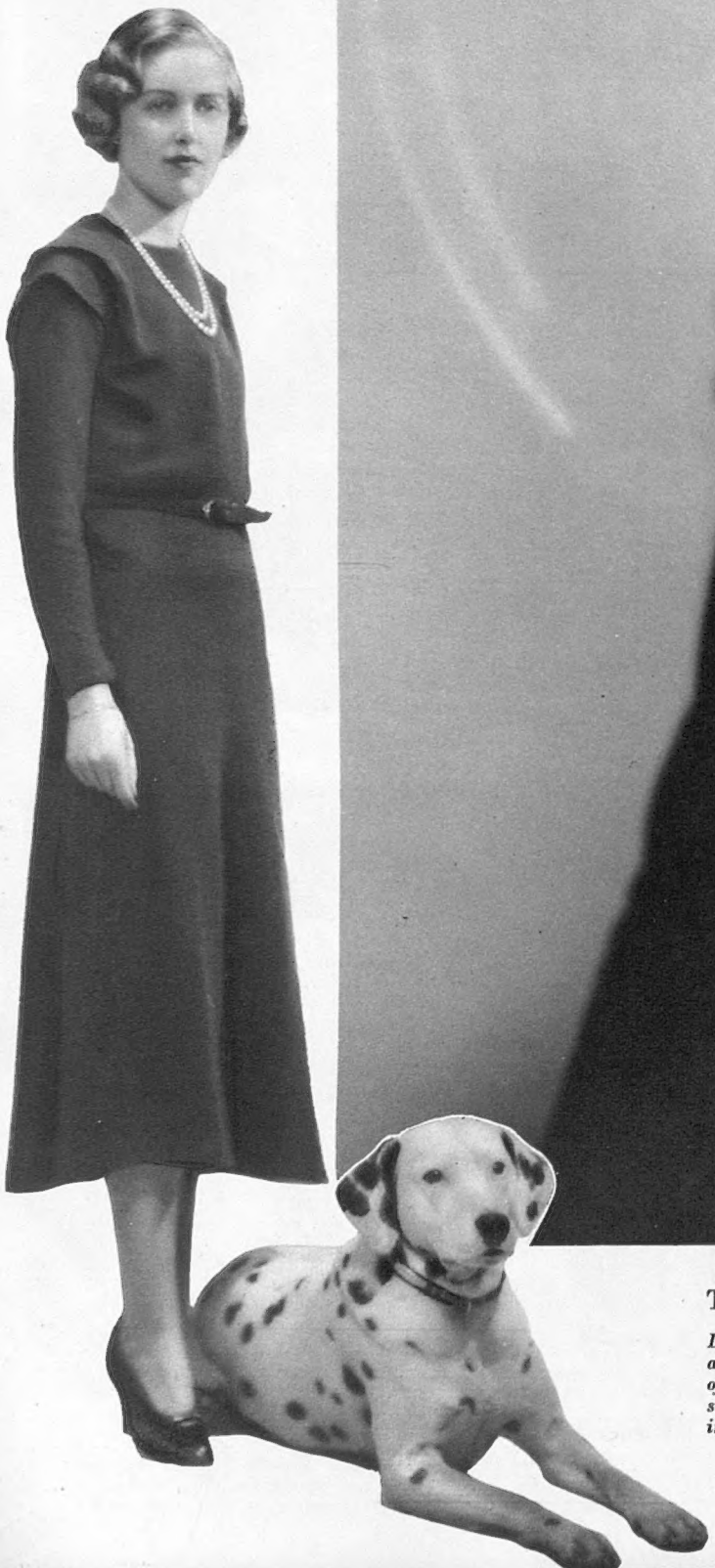
The Hon. Ronald Strutt and Lady Digby taking an easy at the Epsom Derby Meeting

The Racing Event of the Year

Sir Merrik Burrell, Lady North, Miss Lawson, Miss Burrell and Mr. Walter Burrell seen at Epsom on the first day, when the weather was more kindly than on Derby Day

Polo at Roehampton

Miss Delphine Chichester, Miss Pamela Fielding and her sister, Mrs. H. N. Clegg, seek refreshment after watching a game, when Aurora beat the Panthers by nine goals to six



Lenare

THE LADY ANNE CAVENDISH-BENTINCK

Lady Anne Bentinck is the good-looking débutante daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Titchfield, and granddaughter of the Duke and Duchess of Portland. She is eighteen this year, and has one younger sister, who is sixteen. Lady Titchfield presented Lady Anne Bentinck at the First Court, in May, and is giving a dance for her on July 2, just before Lord's

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 54.

The Duke of Beaufort

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

HENRY HUGH ARTHUR FITZROY SOMERSET, tenth Duke of Beaufort, is the best amateur huntsman in the country. So it was prophetic that he was nicknamed "Master" as a boy. He is also a natural ball player. Golf, cricket, racquets and fives come to him with equal ease. As, however, he hunts six days a week all through the winter, his golf is not all that it could be. Six feet four inches in height, blue-eyed, and faintly horsey-looking, he is one of the few dukes who do not own a house in London. When he pays his regular fortnightly visit, he usually stays with friends. Badminton, his place in Gloucestershire, has one of the finest parks in the world—860 acres, and made still more attractive by Worcester avenue. He is a marvellous judge of a horse, which, combined with the fact that he is Lord Lonsdale's godson, makes him the perfect choice as President of the International Horse Show this year.

RESERVED and conscientious, he also makes a first-class Lord Lieutenant of his county. His clubs include Buck's, the Bachelors' and the Turf. His friends include Lord Westmorland and all the officers who served with him in the Blues. He is High Steward of Bristol, Marquess of Worcester, a Doctor of Literature, a Justice of the Peace, the husband of the former Lady Mary Cambridge, and altogether quite the nicest fellow you could meet in a month of Whitsundays. His age is always the same as that of the year, except for the first few weeks. He never smokes. He likes the cinema. But prefers the country. He has a long stride, a short but friendly laugh, and a habit of waggling his foot when at all nervous. The Beaufort Hunt, of which he is Joint-Master, dates back to 1700, and, while the famous blue and buff is worn by the followers, he sports green, which is the family livery. The country extends from Bath to Swindon (east and west), and from Beckhampton to Cirencester in the other direction. It was the eighth Duke who founded the now defunct Beaufort Club and the still lively Pratt's, and had so much to do with the National Hunt Rules.

The present owner of the title does not own racehorses, because he says that he cannot afford to do so. What a pity. Nothing would be more attractive than the Beaufort colours passing the post at Ascot. The present Duke is fond of poker (in a small way), of fishing, and (in a large way) of horses.

This year, mostly thanks to him, the entries at Olympia will be larger than they have been for the past four years.

What are his other interests? Boxing is one of them, squash racquets is another.

In conclusion, and on his rare visits to London, he wears suède shoes. But riding-boots evidently suit him better.

C

Second Thoughts on First Nights

The Champagne of Acting

Blanche Popinot (Nancy O'Neil), Charles Popinot's granddaughter with broad-minded ideas, and Pierre (A. Bromley Davenport), an old retainer who addresses his master as "Charlie, my boy"

Nina Popinot (Claire Luce), Charles's second wife and a great-grandmother, by marriage, at twenty-six

Sketches by Rouson

"Vintage Wine" (Daly's)

WHAT a treat it is to see Seymour Hicks in a good part, twisting an audience round his little finger! In *Vintage Wine*, at Daly's, the character of Charles Popinot fits him like one of his own suits. Charles is sixty-two years of age, but remains a boy at heart, and his mother and his grown-up family by a previous marriage believe that he is having an affair with, and lavishing his money on, a pretty girl in Rome, much to their disgust. They are even more disgusted when they learn that he is married to her, and possesses an infant son of six months. Later on, he has to confess to his wife that, when he married her, he lied about his age, and so youthful in looks and spirit is he, that one can understand the ease with which the tarradiddle was swallowed. To an actor like Seymour Hicks, such a character must be as joyous to play as it is to watch.

Mercurial Charles Popinot (Seymour Hicks), aged sixty-two, but whose behaviour appears to be on the twenty-six mark, sets a good example to his lugubrious sons

Whether he is arguing with a matriarchal mother about his supposed immorality; showing contempt for his sons, who are decidedly not chips of the old block; getting deeper and deeper involved in difficulties when telling lie after lie to his young wife in the best Hawtrey manner, or making love to her in order to secure forgiveness for his deceit, Seymour Hicks displays every gamut of the emotions, except high tragedy, with a polish and an eye for every obtainable effect which no English actor, and precious few foreign ones, could equal.

What does it matter that, after a brilliant first Act, the play wobbles between comedy, farce, and drama in a somewhat disconcerting way? Seymour Hicks is there to weld them all together as actor, and, as part-author, to introduce, in addition to new ones, some well-worn jokes which I doubt whether his more classical collaborator, Ashley Dukes, would approve of wholeheartedly. But then, actor-author Hicks knows only too well that it is the old jokes which create the heartiest laughter.

And the actor has some good companions. Julia Neilson, as his mother, looks regal and plays regally. Nancy O'Neil adds a bright touch as a younger member of the family. A. Bromley Davenport, in the part of a very French old retainer, is as pleasantly dry as, I hope, is the champagne from which the Popinot family get their money; and Claire Luce is good to look upon as the young wife. An after-dinner entertainment of the best.

VERNON WOODHOUSE

Ungrateful sons: Benedict Popinot (Patrick Baring) and Henry Popinot (Stanley Vilven), who object to their father's very juvenile behaviour and register their objection vocally

Photographs by Hay Wrightson

The Lady Sibell Lygon

Here are two new pictures of the second of the four tall, blonde, good-looking Lygon sisters, daughters of Earl and Countess Beauchamp, and nieces of the Duke of Westminster and the Countess of Shaftesbury. Lady Sibell Lygon, like her sister, is a racing regular, and specially in the jumping season. She hunts with the Croome and Ledbury, from Madresfield Court, her home in Worcestershire, where she spends most of her time. She also writes a certain amount, although it is Lady Mary Lygon who is the most high-brow member of the family, and spends more time in London than the other three. Viscount Elmley, their brother, has been M.P. for East Norfolk since 1929, and P.P.S. to Dr. Leslie Burgin, at the Board of Trade, since 1931. Lady Sibell Lygon's white Pekinese, who was photographed with her, is called Pearl

D

The Londoner's Log

I SEE that Lionel Tennyson has been made head of the new Brains Trust in Washington. Good old Lionel! We were in the same house at Brighton.

Once, for punishment, the Head ordered him to write one line of his grandfather's poetry a thousand times. Lionel chose "With Florrie in the Azores," because it was the shortest line he could remember ever written by the old ditherer.

There's rain all over the country. When you walk out in the moonlight to commune with the Little People, your foot sinks in the sodden turf like a woman's face against your chest.

Old Coward . . . in his squeaky voice, said, "It never rains but Lady Snowden pours"

That was a good quip of Noel Coward's yesterday at the meet of the Belvoir Pack. Lady Snowden was presiding over the teapot, and the rain was drenching the countryside until it looked as if the Flood had come to drown the unrighteous. Old Coward waited until there was a silence and then, in his squeaky voice, said: "It never rains but Lady Snowden pours." After that he went into a corner and made a note on his shirt-front.

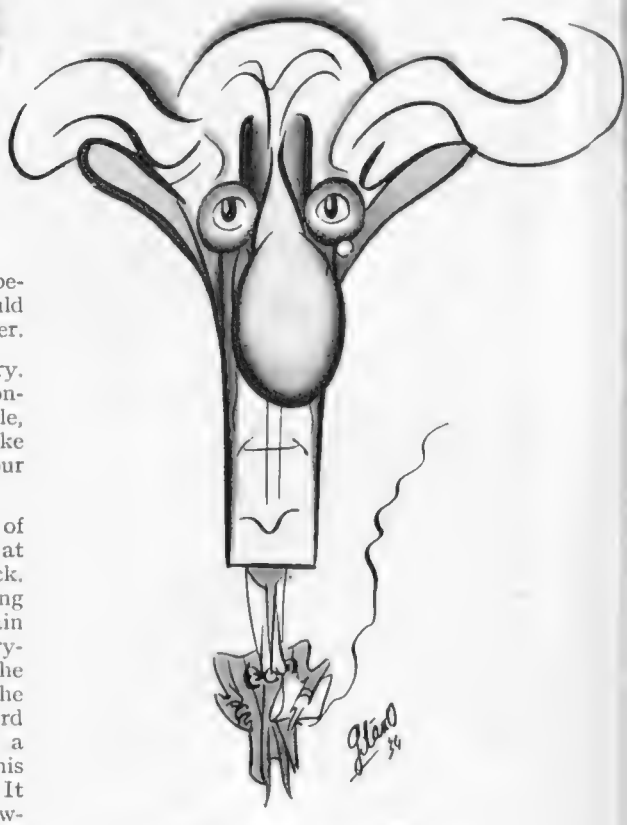
What the hell is a Brains Trust, anyway?

Speaking of playwrights, I ran into Freddie Lonsdale in London last night. After he had picked himself up he told me he had just finished a new play.

"I couldn't think of the ending," he said. "Everything was there but the finish. Then I went to Ascot, and the whole thing came to me like a flash. The middle-aged Duke looks at the young Baronet. Lady Gertrude has an empty cocktail-glass in her hand. The Countess is just about to put on another record. Slowly the Duke speaks. 'You swine!' he says."

Freddie has had a romantic career. I can't be bothered telling you about it now.

What are we going to do about this fellow Beecham? Last night he revived an old opera called *Tristan*. Everything went all right until the tenor came in, when Beecham shouted: "Shut up! I can't hear the soprano!" A minute later he shouted to the soprano: "Shut up! I can't hear the orchestra!" The poor singers kept quiet, but Tommy shouted to the orchestra: "Shut up! I can't hear the audience talking!" At this, Lady Cursard stood up in her box and screamed: "*Do you mean me?*"



Old Swaffer dictates his stuff in the "Morning Post"

What a tragedy it is to have wit and legs like Lady Cursard! Nothing detracts from good legs like brains.

Yesterday I saw a lovely face, but I can't be bothered telling you about it. What is beauty, anyway, but a mask, a shell, a net? (Note to Sub-Editor: Fill in some alternatives here.)

A woman's smile is more dangerous than the lure of a tall cliff. Take the plunge off the cliff and the rest is silence. Take the plunge into matrimony and you 'll never have silence again.

1960 (FINAL EDITION)

Edited by VISCOUNT ROSSLECRASSE

Cecil insisted upon taking them all upside-down

Everybody writes differently. Old Swaffer dictates his stuff in the *Morning Post*. I write mine in bed and then send it to Scotland Yard to be deciphered. Garvin has the best system.

He writes his *Observer* article on the side of the wall in his drawing-room. When he has covered the whole wall he has it photographed and the plates are reproduced in the *Observer*. The wall is then whitewashed and made ready for the next week's article. Unfortunately, a little time ago he forgot the whitewashing, and the same article appeared two Sundays running. Four of his readers wrote to him pointing this out, and "J. L." felt damned embarrassed about it all.

There 's a rumour that Old Man Winston is forming an Elder Statesman's wing of the Conservative Party to oust Randolph from Downing Street. Winston's policy is to stop the scuttle from Newfoundland.

He ought to form a Brains Trust and bring Lionel back.

That was a brilliant idea to cast June as Lady Macbeth. There is no question the old girl wears wonderfully well, and, of course, anything to do with Scotland is just her line. We were all wondering who she meant when she said: "Out, out, damned sport."

Last Sunday I met a happily married couple.

Next week I must go to Cecil Beaton's exhibition of photographs of beautiful women. There 's been a hell of a do about it, because Cecil insisted upon taking them all upside-down. To keep the proper perspective he stood on his head as well and inverted the camera so that the effect was just the same as if they had stood on their feet at the beginning. Unfortunately, Cecil's beard got in front of the lens several times, and the sitters had to stand on their heads all over again.

Cecil has had a romantic career, but I can't be bothered with that.

Lady Cursard is giving a ball for the Armenian Cricket Ten. I shall not be there.

And all the time I have been writing this, the rain is beating pitilessly against the windows, like a mob in the Southern States trying to get at a condemned nigger. What is life for, anyway? I suppose a man should have a son. But looking at most of my friends, I think how terrible if their sons look like them, and how awkward for them if they don't. That 's a divil of a choice.

Old "Burghie" Westmorland wants me to go to Ascot with him on the side opposite the enclosure and blow peas across at the swells. That would be grand sport, that would, but I feel the waters of Killarney calling where the hills are rounded like a woman's hips and the night whispers secrets no mortal should hear.

Killarney, Killarney, what would I do without you with a job like mine?

I see Jimmie Walker is being touted as the next President of the U.S.A. Jimmie has had a romantic career.

But so has Lionel Tennyson.

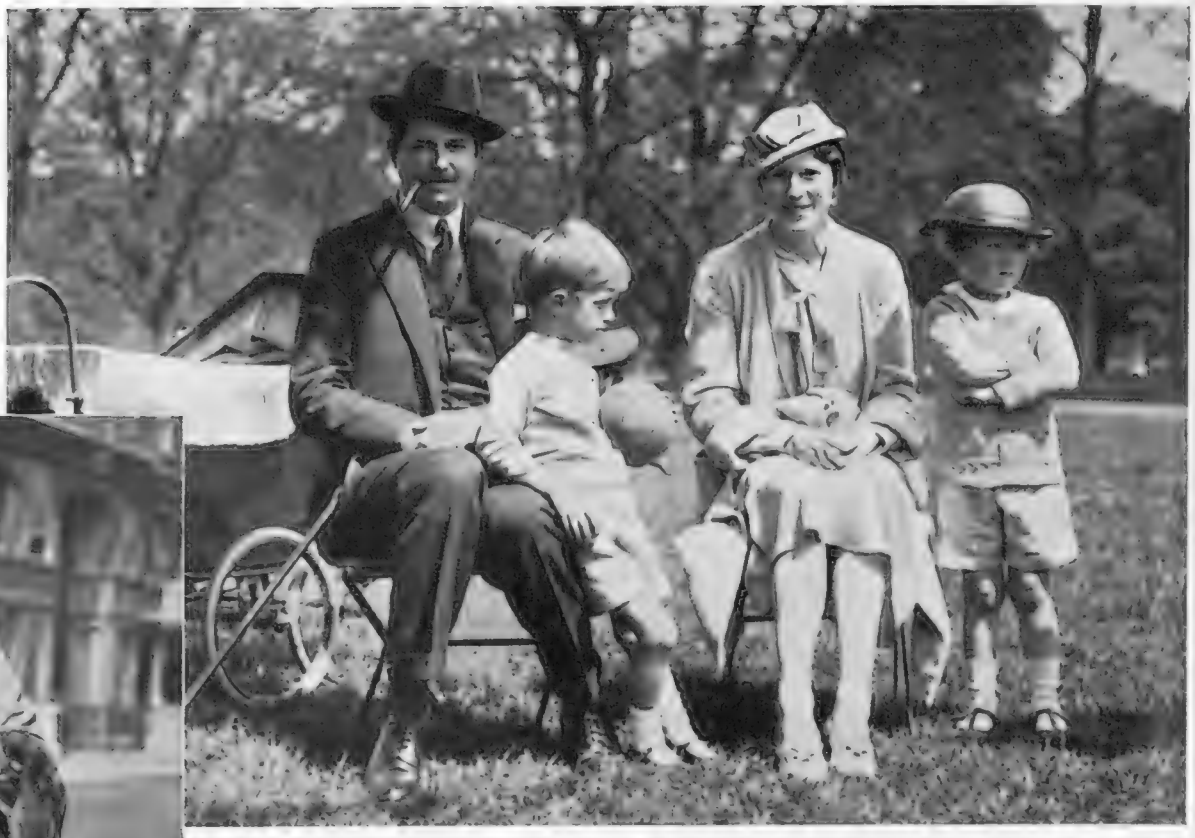
ANSWERS to correspondents:

"Pop" Beasley, Crockford's: You want to know how to prevent your partner over-calling his hand? Simple. Bid seven No-Trumps.

Jimmie Walker is being touted as the next President of the U.S.A.

Below : Miss Sylvia Regis de Oliveira is the attractive daughter of the Brazilian Ambassador, and is one of the most popular of young un-marrieds. She was photographed on her way to a concert, of which she goes to not a few, and was wearing a light grey dress trimmed with white, and a white hat and gloves

Miss Sylvia Regis de Oliveira



Swaebe

Scottish Family Party in Hyde Park

Lord and Lady Scone took their son, the Master of Scone, and small cousin, the Master of Carnegie, for a sun and airing in the Park. Lord Scone is the Earl of Mansfield's eldest son ; his wife was Miss Dorothea Carnegie, and is a first cousin of Lord Carnegie, father of the five-year-old Master of Carnegie, who is a godson of the King. The Scones' son was born in 1930

Lucky Shots

Some London Likenesses

Right : the Hon. Mrs. Barran, who married Sir John Barran's eldest son in 1929, has just had a son, who was christened about ten days ago. He is called John Napoleon. The Hon. Mrs. Peter Davies was married in 1932, and her son, Ruthven, was born last year. The family party was photographed at the Peter Davies's house in Eaton Terrace

Swaebe

The Ruthven Twins and Their Sons

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Strictly in Confidence

Look here, we don't want this to get about. We mean to say, don't tell anyone about it. If we thought you 'd split, we wouldn't be writing this paragraph now. Word of honour? Very well, then. There is a grave Government crisis on foot. There may be an election in October. It all depends. If Lord Hailsham feels that the moment has arrived for circumventing the manœuvres of Mr. Churchill, then an election is certain. If, on the other hand, Sir Samuel Hoare feels that the opportunity is not at hand for circumventing the manœuvres of Mr. Churchill, then an election is absolutely impossible. Again, should the Conservative Party detect a glimmer of sense in any single one of the Prime Minister's utterances, a serious crisis would arise, because the Special Committee for the Detection of Sense in the Prime Minister's utterances has hitherto consistently returned what we used to call in the Army a Nil Report. It follows automatically — we need hardly tell you this, experienced readers that you are—that Mr. Walter Elliot is almost bound to put a quota upon the Prime Minister's sensible utterances. Anything more than six would infallibly wreck the National Government. And if the National Government was wrecked, where on earth would Mr. J. H. Thomas turn for a nice, safe seat? Oh, dear, dear! What a cruel world it would be if Mr. J. H. Thomas could not turn anywhere for a nice, safe seat.

Medical Intelligence

As the whole Empire is eagerly watching the progress of a Nottinghamshire ex-coal-miner towards either complete recovery or complete breakdown, we have engaged a Harley Street specialist to report to us from week to week on his progress. His first report runs: "Last Tuesday, at Trent Bridge, Mr. Larwood bowled eighty-six consecutive overs at an unparalleled speed on a hard ground. He complained afterwards of nothing at all except that he had been taken off just as his bowling arm was getting into gear. On the following day Mr. Larwood played a game of stump-cricket, underhand bowling with a tennis ball, and seriously bruised his tendon Achilles while delivering a slow lob. He recovered sufficiently to bat for Nottinghamshire that afternoon, but after batting for two hours he had the misfortune to tear a major ligament in his back while chatting to the opposing wicket-keeper after the fall of a wicket. He was carried off the field in great pain, and a St. John's ambulance, and was not able to resume his innings until after tea. I can officially deny, in spite of all rumours which have been circulated to the contrary, that Mr. Larwood has scratched the third finger of his left hand in opening a tin of soup. It was a tin of celery."

There will be more from our medical correspondent next week, unless we can devise some means to stop him. But he definitely has the bulge on us, as he often explains, because he could get us certified and plonked into the looney-bin. And then where should we be? Exactly. And where would you be without us, eh?

A Beautiful Idea

A caretaker of Edmonton — that borough immortalised by John Gilpin—went the other day, cap in hand, most respectful-like, to the District Council and asked permission to put up a little memorial to himself in the local cemetery, in anticipation of a sad but inevitable event. The Council gave him permission, but said that it would rather like to see the inscription first. The caretaker went away, and, like a good man with a respect for his profession, he took care over the inscription, and finally turned this one in to the City Fathers. "Of sweet disposition and loved by all who knew him." With a loud yelp, the Ancients rejected it flat. We sympathise profoundly with the poor fellow, for we ourselves had been toying with the idea of asking permission to place a small plaque on the wall of The Bystander office: a simple little affair, just saying that we had worked here, giving a short list of our principal virtues—punctuality, sobriety, modesty, quietness of attire, gentlemanliness of language, and a dozen others, and adding that our charm, our generosity, and our impulsive warm-heartedness, had endeared us to all

"Does no one know the Latin for 'Charge, you ———'?"

" M'm. Three elephants instead of a hundred chorus girls . . . . that's an idea "

Admiral Togo

WE are amongst those old fellows, those veterans, who can distinctly recall the day when Admiral Togo sprang into celebrity in the Russo-Japanese War. He became a fashionable hero. Children and pet dogs and cats were christened Togo. Toys were called after him, and war games and horse-racing games. He was a great sailor and a modest man.

Golf Manners

THE Amateur Golf Championship was a triumph for America, and a heavy set-back for Scotland. We do not mean a set-back for Scottish golfers, for no one could have stood up against the devastating golf of Mr. Lawson Little in the final. But it was a dreadful blow for Scotland's reputation that a Scottish crowd, on a Scottish course, should have descended so far into the depths of discourtesy that it actually booed Scotland's champion. Mr. Jack McLean, definitely the best amateur golfer in Great Britain, was shockingly treated by the local citizens of Troon, simply because they wanted their local man to beat him. We sincerely trust that the Amateur will never be played at Troon again. We do not especially care about crooners, but we distinctly object to Trooners. And if only we were witty enough, we would coin something about a Lum Hat wanting a Troon. Anyway, after that nasty performance, we certainly do not want our Troon.

our colleagues, and perhaps winding up with a word or two about our salary. But it is no good now. Edmonton has killed it.

Nevertheless (whatever that means), while we are on the subject of epitaphs, there is a beauty in a Bayswater cemetery, which runs: " Bland, passionate, and deeply religious, she was second cousin to the Earl of Leitrim, and of such are the Kingdom of Heaven."

Old-World Beauty

THE other day we came across, in a book, a list of those sweet old American place-names that ring in one's ears like the dying cadence of the Angelus on summer evenings in Devonshire, that bring with them something of the scent of old rosemary and verveine and yellow asphodel, that recall early loves and old, sweet romances. This is the list of these enchanted nooks, these island-valleys of Avilion, these glades of Vallombrosa:

Jackass Flat, Squabbletown, Dead Man's Gulch, Growlersburg, Whiskey Hill, Pinch-'em-tight, Dogtown, Poor Man's Creek, Henpeck Flat, Muletown, Sweet Revenge, Gouge Eye, Liars' Flat, Lousy Level, Git Up and Git, Mad Mule Gulch, Puckerville, Slapjack Bar and New Jerusalem, Georgetown, Volcanoville, Last Chance, Ground Hog's Glory, Mount Gregory, Hell's Delight, and Bogus Thunder.

" Leave her alone, papa, you'll only get another stroke "

THE OLD SCHOOL TIE

No. 2.—Marlborough

The next time that you chance to view
A handsome tie of red and blue
Divided by a stripe of white,
If you guess "Marlborough," you 'll be right.

YOUR Marlborough man, make no mistake,
Is quite a brainy bloke,
Admission to his chosen school
Is by no means a joke;
In fact, examinations bar
Those lads whose brains aren't over par.

But once they 've passed their Entrance, they
Can start in to acquire
The famous Marlborough slouch that goes
So well with their attire.
When, book-filled "kysh" beneath their arm,
They stroll round with such languid charm.

Perhaps because the Classics count
For quite a lot, we find
The sporting element 's acquired
A hockey-conscious mind,
And treat the crowd to clever tricks
When, Charon-like, they cross the sticks.

So here 's to Marlborough, which provides
Headmasters by the score;
And please will one explain to me
A point which tries me sore—
Why *do* Marlburians call trousers "barns"? It 's odd, you must allow!

B. W.

"Don't worry me now"

Who is May Fly?

YOU don't know, and, up till last week, we ourselves did not know. But we do now. Miss Fly is the latest and most knowledgeable of modern cricket experts. She knows pretty nearly everything there is to be known about the forthcoming contests between England and Australia. Fleet Street is wild with excitement about her. Even the staid old Thunderer of Printing House Square, the cautious old rascal, was forced to admit, in its characteristically guarded fashion, that a correspondent had telegraphed from Romsey, in Hampshire, "May Fly is up on the Test." By heavens, that correspondent was right! Miss Fly is up on the Test. What she does not know about the Nottingham beano could be written in block letters on the back of a postage stamp, and still leave room for the lucid statements made by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in the last seven months.

The Vandal Cup

EXCITEMENT has been running high lately in this great sporting event, and the two teams have scored some notable successes lately. The Old Obstructionists marked up a pretty warm notch when they bunged the trolley-buses out of Bedford Square the other day, and so prevented a fine and humane piece of progress simply on the ground that Bedford Square is a thing of beauty. So it is a thing of beauty. We freely admit that it is the most beautiful of all the London squares. But can there not be beauty also in a trolley-bus? We saw an exquisite blonde only the other day, sitting in a corner——[ED.—"Come, come, none of that!" We (plaintively): "All right, Governor. All right, all right!"]

The Progress-boys, however, are gluttons for punishment, and they are staging a come-back with the demolition of the war memorial for the war of 1815. Waterloo Bridge is to come down and a lovely new bridge is to be built which will allow so much traffic to arrive at the Strand that no one will be able to move at all in that delightful thoroughfare. Thoroughfare! That 's rather a good wisecrack, that is.

News for Allotment-Holders

WHO says that nothing good ever comes out of Chelsea? Why, this red-hot, snappy little borough is always producing something new and classy. At one moment it is a picture painted in glue and soda-water and pasted all over with tin-tacks and Latvian postage stamps and old bits of porridge, the whole effect being labelled "Bushey Park at Sunset," or "Study in Auto-Conjunctivism," or "North Edge of a Bus Conductor Punching a Fourpenny-Ticket." At another moment Chelsea produces great blocks of exquisite workmen's dwellings; at another Sir Samuel Hoare——[Come, come, none of that, now. No sneering at the political boys.—Oh, all right; we 'll scratch that one out.] The latest little device which has just emerged from S.W.3 is the Horticulturist's Potentiometer, and it has made its bow before a dazzled public at the Flower Show. This simple little toy is an instrument adapted to measure "stomatal apertures in the leaves of flowers"—or, in simpler language, the breathing of flowers and the rate at which they dry up in hot weather. Thus flowers with asthma, trouble in the bronchial tubes, or spots on the lung will be detected at once and rushed off to the nearest hospital, and it is strongly hoped that tuberculosis may be detected in time for satisfactory treatment. We offered one of these instruments to our staff Vice-Admiral in case he would like to measure the speed at which he dried up in hot weather, but he declined, saying he knew already, and, thanks very much, he would have another of the same. If anyone wishes to buy one of these instruments, we trust he will not bother to write to us about them, because, in any case, we wouldn't answer his letter, and so it really wouldn't help him very much, would it, or would it? By the way, the method of working the thing is very simple. You just put a shilling into the potentiometer-meter.

THE BYSTANDERS.

Tennis Socials

An American Tournament In Aid of the Middlesex Hospital

Below: the Hon. Barbara Brand, Lord Hampden's second daughter, and Mrs. Faulkner sitting out between their sets at Ranelagh, where the tournament was played

Right: Mrs. Cecil Starkey and her daughter (left) just before their game with Lord Bethell's daughters, the Hon. Mrs. Clive Martyn and the Hon. Mrs. Ian Macalpine

Miss Leila Harris and Miss Bobby Turner were looking cheerful enough not to mind who won as long as the party was a good one

Above: Mrs. Bower and Lady Catherine Willoughby, who plays in most of the more social and less serious events of the tennis season

Left: Miss L. Hirst, one of the many converts to the shorts fashion, in action

Lady Tegart, Sir Charles Tegart's wife, talking to Miss E. Halkes, who was taking no risks about the wind being cold, which it was, in spite of the hot sun

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

"The Bystander" in Society

IT certainly should have been possible to have amused oneself last week. It began with the King's Birthday, the celebrations of which took place on the Monday, which also was the Glorious Fourth of June, Floreat Etona, Procession of Boats, Pyrotechnical Display included. The Trooping of the Colour still remains the most impressive military spectacle of the age: a fine day is all that is needed, and that was certainly provided this year. In the evening, those who were not standing arm-in-arm at Eton, humming the Boating Song, were massed at the White City for the Harvey-Petersen fight, or listening to Finland's Philharmonic Orchestra at Queen's Hall, or watching the open-air ballets in Regent's Park.

THE next day began the gorgeous carnival of racing on Epsom Downs, and there was the Derby Ball at Grosvenor House. On Wednesday was the Derby, the Horse-shoe Ball at the Dorchester, and those Rowing and Social Festivities at Cambridge which are termed May Week, or, the ex-Debs' Last Hope. On Thursday we had Sir Oswald Mosley at Olympia, the first of the Runnymede Pageant rehearsals (and many more are needed), and Chaliapine was at the Queen's Hall. On Friday began the first Test Match, at Nottingham, it was Ladies' Day at Epsom (in other words, the Oaks were run), and on Saturday, after all, began the Rodeo at the White City. And throughout the week Mozart was gaily warbled at Glyndebourne. Now it is obviously impossible to give a detailed chronicle of all these events, and also a great number are even now omitted, such as the sale of Mr. Jack Michelham's furniture, at 20, Arlington Street. He had previously just sold the house.

THE fight at the White City was rather spoilt for most people owing to Harvey fighting, after five rounds, with a closed-up eye. Also it was rather cold. Prince George came with Sir Harry Preston's party: this included Sir John Milbanke, Lord Westmorland, Sir George Sutton, Lord Beatty, Mr. J. H. Thomas, but one "regular" absentee was Captain "Fruity" Metcalfe, who was ill. Others seen at the fight were Lord Blandford, with Miss Ulrica Thynne, Ambrose and Evelyn Crowell, Sir Wyndham Portal and Mrs. Colclough, Lord Beaverbrook, Lord Castlerosse, Captain "Mike" Wardell, a trio so often seen together, and about 44,000 others.

WINDSOR LAD'S victory in the Derby certainly did a lot of good to Mayfairers, for "Pip," as he is known to everybody, had made no secret of the horse's chance. His party on Derby night at the Savoy increased by leaps and bounds as the evening went on. Among those originally invited were Lady Hindlip, Sir Robert Throckmorton, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Eliot (the latter had

The Derby Ball:

More snapshots of those present will be found on page 473

(1) Miss Diana Mills, Miss Bee Batlivala and Mr. Harry Vyse, at Grosvenor House

(2) Signor Dino Grandi, the Italian Ambassador, buys a lucky-number programme from Miss Norah Stern

(3) The Hon. Niall Chaplin is with Lady Betty Butler

(4) Mrs. James Corrigan talking to Lady Weymouth

(5) The Duke of Sutherland and Lady Charles Cavendish

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Miss Mary Collins, whose brother, Mr. Christopher Collins, is to marry Miss Elizabeth Agnew next month, and Colonel Leonard Ropner, M.P., were sketched at a sherry-party

Mrs. Charles Cartwright lunching at the Embassy in a black-and-white Molyneux outfit. She is American, a most accomplished hostess, and has an attractive house in Curzon Street

Miss Gloria Gordon, the débutante daughter of Mrs. William Gordon, wore a mauve dress, with a huge mauve organdie collar, at the cocktail party at her mother's Wilton Street house. Her coming-out dance is in July

been "banco-ing" in her best form at Mrs. Paul's Chesterfield Salon Charity chemin-de-fer party the night before), the George Dullers, and Lord Michelham. It was to be a party of twenty-four; certainly fifty sat down to dinner, which made Santorelli, the maître d'hotel, scratch his head slightly. For there were eleven hundred diners in the restaurant already, and it was one of those balloon-tin-trumpet-paper-hat nights—in other words, a gala. "Pip" was congratulated on all sides: the Maharanee of Cooch Behar, Sir Richard and Lady Cruise, the Charles sisters, John Loder—these were only a few. Mrs. John Taylor wore some very nice small orchids; she was dancing with Captain "Bobbie" Gordon Canning, who is a great expert on flowers as well as poetry. The John Dewars did not look any less happy because they had not won with Mediæval Knight.

MRS. "QUINNEY" GILBEY told me that her husband had that day received a note inviting him to dine at Buck's Club on Tuesday (to-night) with Captain Buckmaster. So "Buck" has returned at last after his wanderings; his baronet yacht-agent, Sir George Johnstone, has been provisioning Miriel for its owner's return. I also heard that Mrs. Corrigan is in her best entertaining form again. Holiday House, Sunningdale, will see a large party for Ascot and the week-end: already are the guests being asked to name their brand of cigarettes, so that the butler may lay in a store for their visit.

OTHER big parties on Derby night were given by Lady Inchcape, for her step-daughter, Lady Patricia Mackay—and there is not much difference in their ages. Sunderland House, where the dance was given, has increased in popularity lately, especially for débutantes' dances. One reason for this is that there are no bedrooms as sitting-out places: after the experience of the well-known peer who lent his house recently to relations for a deb's dance, this is quite to be understood. As an Edwardian remarked: "I wish I were a young man in 1934." There was a ball, too, at the Dorchester—the Horseshoe, at which Lord Lonsdale, in spite of his yellow car having been upset at Epsom in the afternoon, was in great form.

THE Jack Courtaulds had their annual Derby party at 9, Grosvenor Square, to which the host came on after dining with the King and the members of the Jockey Club. Mme. Melchior was one of the guests: her husband, the previous evening, had been in fine strangling and singing form, as Otello, at Covent Garden. Which, as one is on the subject of music, reminds us that Mr. "Chips" and Lady Honor Channon are not going to be actually in Salzburg this year. They are going to be at Klagenfurt, on the frontier, where, they say, it will be so much easier for them to nip across and see the Crown Prince and Princess of Yugoslavia, and vice-versa.

MR. PEEPS

Woman to Woman

MISS AVRIL LOYD can never complain that she was not properly "brought out." Her mother, Mrs. Ralph Stobart, and Thelma Lady Furness, gave one of the best parties we have ever been to. The place was crowded out with all our amusing friends as well as a good many débutantes. Lord Portarlington, for instance, was there to look after the chaperones, and seemed to be enjoying himself madly, wandering from room to room, making sure he was missing nothing. The floral decorations were quite lovely, and the heroine of the evening, who was looking most attractive in white, held a heavenly bouquet of mixed orchids and lilies of the valley in her hand as she received her guests.

The best-looking of the "young-marrieds" was Mrs. Wellesley-Wesley, who brought her débutante sister, Miss Katherine Bibby. In her party also was Mr. Jim FitzGerald, who not only runs Jack's Club extremely well, but also has a cigarette-shop, and all the thousands of cigarettes at the dance were provided by him. Whose original idea it was to have "Avril" printed on them we don't know.

LADY FURNESS, in pink, was dancing round with Prince Aly Khan. Lady Buchanan-Jardine wore bottle-green and was partnered by Lord Poulett a good deal. Mr. John Pope (the debs' delight) and Miss Mary Christian spent a good part of the evening together. She is an attractive niece of Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell. Mrs. Vernon Tate, tall, stately, and tiara-ed, topped the crowd. The youngest Ramsden-Jodrell is an attractive girl. She was wearing the dress she wore as a bridesmaid to her eldest sister, now Mrs. Mostyn Owen. A person who by no means enjoyed himself least of all the crowd was Mr. Ralph Stobart, husband of the hostess, who danced gaily round the room all the evening, part of the time partnering Mrs. Charles Higgins, who had been a hostess herself the night

Lord and Lady Milford-Haven at the Florida Birthday Ball at the Dorchester, watching Sunny O'Dea, who danced in the cabaret

The said Sunny O'Dea, brightest star of the Paradise Club Girls, knows how to put the kick into tap dancing, even with clogs on

Mrs. Archie Black (Rosemary Villiers that was), was at Mrs. William Gordon's cocktail-party. Her husband is a cousin of the deb. hostess

before. Lady Brougham and Vaux danced a good deal with Mr. Edward Wills, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny walked about arm-in-arm, stopping every now and then to talk to friends. Rather reminded us of " visiting " in the Lancers in our younger days.

All the Aurora wives and children were at Roehampton the other day to see that team beat Sir Harold Wernher's Someries House. Lady Zia, who never seems to miss a match, was there, and Mrs. " Chicken " Walford, who has just returned from India. We hear that Captain Walford is in hot pursuit, so we hope to see him playing again this summer. The Roland Findlays were there too, she looking as attractive as ever in green. A family party of Livingstone-Learmonths and Wigginses didn't escape notice either. Disaster befell the Knaves the following day, when they were beaten 7 to 2 by the Panthers, in spite of the fact that the King Panther (Major Philip Magor) was out of action, having hurt his arm. Rows of young Harrisons were watching, which is hardly surprising, as the Knave of Spades, Knave of all Knaves, is their father. Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon, looking lovely in navy blue, brought her sister, Miss Diana Brassey, with her. Mr. Arthur Smith-Bingham, as immaculate as ever, was having a day off from playing and had come to look on.

Lady Alexander, wearing a pink hat on her head and a bunch of carnations to match on her dress, was lunching at Quaglino's the other day with a party of girl friends. Lady Brougham and Vaux, as blonde as ever and wearing brown and white, was having a tête-à-tête lunch with Lady Delamere in the same restaurant. The Charles Cavendishes were in a party (or giving one), and Mrs. Leo Partridge was looking extremely neat and attractive in navy blue and white.

It always seems odd for anyone to come to London for the week-end when most of us do our utmost to get asked away to stay. Lord Monck is an exception. He is seldom seen in London except at week-ends, and was at the Savoy on a Saturday night not so very long ago. He is always so busy during the week, making pound notes at Laverstoke, that he has no time for middle-week frivolities. The Roland Spencers were also in London that same week-end. She was Miss Lexie Wilson, the success of the shires. They had that attractive girl, Miss Joan Montefiore, in their party.

MRS. PEEPS

A coming-out dance was given for Miss Virginia Barnato at the Dorchester, and the picture above shows this pretty débutante chatting to Mr. Burford

Swaebe

Mr. Roland Robinson, M.P., Mr. Ronald Blane, Miss Tiny Sword and Miss Diana Mills all supported the Florida Birthday Ball, which was held at the Dorchester in aid of the Personal Service League

The Fourth of June at Eton

Sir Westrow and Lady Hulse walking round together. Sir Westrow went to Eton and Oxford, and was called to the Bar in 1932, the year in which he married

Miss Shelagh Morrison-Bell, Sir Clive Morrison-Bell's elder daughter, with Lord Gillford, the Earl of Clanwilliam's only son, who was twenty two days after the Eton celebrations

Capt. Oliver and Lady Moira Lyttelton and their eldest son, Antony, who has followed his father and famous grandfather, the Rt. Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, to Eton

Mr. Nigel Davies conducting his sister, Miss Bettine Davies, round. The day was sunny enough, but fur coats and rugs came out for the evening firework-watching

Above: Miss Patty Bevis, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. C. B. Bevis's daughter, and her fiancé, Mr. Richard Heriot Maitland, who is the only son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. J. H. Heriot-Maitland, of Errol Park, Perthshire

Left: Lady Brougham and Vaux and her sister, Mrs. Vyvyan Drury, were with Mr. John Wrightson

Right: Mr. George Newman, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Newman's son, who made 84, top score, for the Ramblers, talking to Lady Willoughby de Eresby, who carried her dachshund round with her

The Ramblers Go Out to Field

G. H. M. Cartwright, the Captain leading the Eton Ramblers out to field in their match against Eton, which ended in a draw

Right: the Hon. David Coke, Viscount Coke's younger son, and his attractive sister, the Hon. Mrs. Simon Combe

A Picnic Lunch by Agar's Plough

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Newman, Lady Joan Newman, and (in front) Miss Ellison and Miss Vickers, made a pleasant picnic during the lunch interval. Lady Joan Newman is the Earl of Clarendon's only daughter and married Mr. and Mrs. Frank Newman's son, Mr. George Newman, last year

Above: Viscountess Astor, who went to the Fourth of June with her husband and two of her sons, walking with the Hon. Pamela Scott and her brother

Left: a group on Agar's Plough included Miss Phœbe Houstoun-Boswall, Miss Peta Davis, Miss Marie Symons-Jeune, Mr. George Elliot, and Mr. Dyson

MAKING THEIR

Above: *Lady Joan Bridgeman*
Below: *Lady Cecilia Wellesley*

Above: *Miss Charmian Fane*
Below: *Lady Jane FitzRoy*

Above: *Miss Susan Henderson*
Below: *The Hon. Patricia Berry*

Photographs by Yevonde, Lenare, Hay Wrightson, Bassano, Marjory Lacey, Swaebe, and Bertram Park

SOMETHING like two hundred and forty-five débutantes are making or have made their curtsey at Buckingham Palace this year. From every county they come, and some have parents taken so straight from the backwoods that they stand on refuges in Oxford Street and stare in awe at Selfridges.

To generalise, they are smaller, younger, more active, and prettier than ever this year. But some of them try very hard to look grown-up—like their mother's elder sister, in fact—and at least one of them said, a fortnight ago, that she had already been to fifty dances (presumably she did a flock of hunt balls, and then all those yearling hops during February and March in London).

One observes, by-the-bye, that there are several lots of twins. But this being nowadays considered an obstetric mistake, they dress as differently as possible.

Fashions in chaperonage seem to come and go. This year, mothers are supposed to keep out of the girls' way until at least one o'clock in the morning. This is easy, as the girl is almost certain to go to a young dinner-party.

Which reminds me. The smartest young men are inundated with dinner invitations. The not-so-smart have to go off and have a snack at the Monseigneur or somewhere. Then, getting bored, they go to the dance rather too soon, which is quite a feat, for this season they are beginning earlier than ever. (Why, at some, there are lots of people on the floor by 10.15.) The trouble is that the not-so-smart young men get naturally very hungry and want to start in on supper as soon as possible.

Which does not please their partners, who were pleasantly gorged at one of the dinner-parties given for the dance, and so the not-so-smart young men appear less smart than ever. ("Jimmy is always thinking of food, isn't he?")

To get back to the mothers—there have been so many parties and dances that they are already feeling the strain. Tired of leaning against dado-rails, which stick so unpleasantly in the small of the back, many of them have told their girls that they can go to as many dances as they like if they will come home with them at 1 a.m. Otherwise, they can only go to them twice or three times a week.

That's a different state of affairs from the early Gay 'Twenties. You went to half a dozen a night and walked home through St. James's Park (which is not open until 6 a.m.).

To generalise some more, this year's débutantes seem to be more punctual and better-mannered than their predecessors. You remember how suburban it was to answer an R.S.V.P.? Now they all do it—even the young men. Some even write letters next day.

About the young men. Let us deal with them before the débutantes. I am assured by one of the most charming and knowledgeable of the latter that the cream of the young men this year are the rather gloomy Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Grafton, Lord Duncannon, Lionel Brett, David Lloyd, and Lord Cullen of Ashbourne.

Few of the débutantes, however, expect to get married, or even engaged,

CURTSEYS

The Débutantes of 1934

By Charles Graves

in their second or third year, much less their first. Incidentally, they are wearing very little make-up. Though this does not mean that they are not using a good deal of artifice in the way of face lotions when they go to bed, and massage when they get up.

In any event, they are all in pretty strict training, and there is a distinctly Stamford Bridge touch about it all.

As I write, there seems to be a distinct feeling against Ascot—expense and lack of young men and all that. But once again you will find them all there when it comes to the pinch—especially as a high percentage of them care a good deal about riding, and Newbury and Sandown, too.

Oh, another thing. Paris seems no longer to be the fashionable place at which to be finished. In previous years the débutantes were rather a rough lot and seemed to know all about the boîtes of Montparnasse, but little else. The new crop are much stronger on music and modern literature and languages, having been sent to Florence or Munich for their final brush-up.

But it is no good evading the main issue any longer. Here is the top flight of this year's list.

Lady Ursula Manners, the Duchess of Rutland's girl, is dark, grave, and pretty, like her cousin, Lady Elizabeth Paget. Both of them are exquisitely educated. They were finished in Munich and know all about music.

Lady Anne Bentinck, the granddaughter of the Duchess of Portland, is tall and nice and has fresh colouring.

Lady Patricia Mackay is most good-natured and unspoilt, although she has been given a great deal of publicity. In day dress she looks like a plump and charming little ortolan. Not long ago—in Northamptonshire—she told me that her favourite place was Melton Mowbray. She is devoted to hunting.

Lady Gloria Vaughan is one of the smallest débutantes this year—in fact, what the English, though never the French, call "petite." She is dark, with the best Spanish (via Chile) blood running in her veins. And what a beautiful mother she has in Lady Lisburne.

Lady Cecilia Wellesley is yet another daughter of Clare Lady Cowley. She runs about a lot, being very active. Even likes the domestic arts, like cooking. Tall and pretty into the bargain.

Lady Joan Bridgeman is very delicate and yet, with the exception of Miss Charmian Fane, is probably the prettiest of them all. Has blonde curls.

Miss Fane is vivacious, witty, and lovely, with huge eyes.

Lady Jane Fitzroy has a habit of saying "Hullo, you hag." Nevertheless, she is a charming, sturdy girl.

Miss Jenny Brett is the daughter of the owner (Lord Esher) of the second finest collection of First Editions in the country. Her brother, Lionel, is very eligible.

Miss Margot Cruikshank, I am assured, is the dark horse of 1934 ("All the boys are falling for her").

Miss Patricia Berry has a lot to live up to—with so pretty an elder sister. She has a most attractive, rather low voice, black hair, and blue eyes. Doesn't play bridge, and, in consequence, talks very amusingly. Is having a dance on June 19th.

Miss Susan Henderson is a relative of the newly elevated Lord Faringdon. She has a sweet smile, and wears hardly any make-up at all.

Miss Ariel Baird, Lady Stonehaven's daughter, adores ballet-dancing, and is studying hard.

Miss Denise Yarde Buller is a sister of Lord Churston, but is rather plump.

Miss Nadine Stonor likes black brocade and designs her own clothes.

Miss Joan Baker is blonde and might be mistaken for Lady Joan Bridgeman.

Miss Nefertari Bethell has been in the papers since she was twelve. To-day she is plump, like most of this year's débutantes who were born in 1917 (in the reign of the Bing Boys and are consequently rhythm mad).

By-the-bye, nearly all of them go walking with bevies of dogs. You can see them nearly every day in Hyde Park, to disprove me if I lie.

Above: *Miss Joan Baker* *Lady Patricia Mackay* *Lady Gloria Vaughan* *The Hon. Ariel Baird*

Below: *Miss M. Cruikshank* *The Hon. Nefertari Bethell* *The Hon. Nadine Stonor* *The Hon. Virginia Brett*

Epsom Portrait Gallery

(1) Lady Broughton. (2) Lady Helena Fitzwilliam. (3) Lady Lavinia Dundas. (4) Lord Glanely. (5) Lady Penrhyn. (6) Lord Fairhaven. (7) Lord Adare. (8) Lady Durham. (9) Mrs. Mary Booker. (10) The Maharajah of Rajpipla

A Racing Reverie:

Windsor Lad's Derby

Pip-Pip-'Ooray! By "Regular"

As Windsor Lad was being led into the unsaddling enclosure, Lord Glanely remarked to the Aga Khan that he was the ugliest horse in the field; the Aga replied that he had, at any rate, proved himself to be the best horse, and I heartily agree with the Aga.

Although I am sure Lord Glanely and Tommy Hogg were perfectly satisfied with Johnstone's riding, there were a number of people, talking plumb through the bottom of their pockets, who declared that he rode a bad race.

The reason for Colombo's failure was that he failed exactly where Lord Lonsdale expected him to fail—he couldn't come down the hill, and neither Johnstone nor any other jockey in the world could have made him do so.

When once he arrived in the straight, he made a gallant effort, but he was opposed to a horse who, besides being able to come down the hill, was also a dead stayer, and they could run the race every day of the week between now and Michaelmas, and Windsor Lad would win every time. Smirke told me that Colombo actually headed him in the straight, but that both the winner and Easton outstayed him.

You all know Mr. Pip, the playboy of the West, but few of you know, as I do, the very serious ruler of the best-run State in India. Charles Gay told you all about him last week, so it suffices for me to say that I think that Windsor Lad's victory has brought England and India closer than they have ever been. Bravo, Mr. Pip!—as one who has enjoyed your hospitality in both hemispheres, I offer you the congratulations of all good Bystanders.

Bravo, also, to Marcus Marsh, who was entirely responsible for the horse's purchase, and who trained him so magnificently; and to Charlie Smirke, who rode him so well. There is no jockey riding who was more deserving of Fortune's smile than Smirke. No man living has ever paid more dearly for the follies of youth than Charlie. Four years is a dreadfully long time not to be allowed to earn your living.

It was a very chastened wife that I rescued from her perch in the stalls at the conclusion of the first day at Epsom—surely one of the blackest days that backers have ever known.

"So idiot Worm was right, for once in his useless life, and backers should *not* have expected to go on backing five winners a day. Worm was quite right when he explained to wife that it was worm-punters who enabled Mrs. Vernet to be world's best-dressed woman and Tommy Graves to take lovelies to Embassy and Café de Paris. Wife hopes that Worm practised what he preached, and

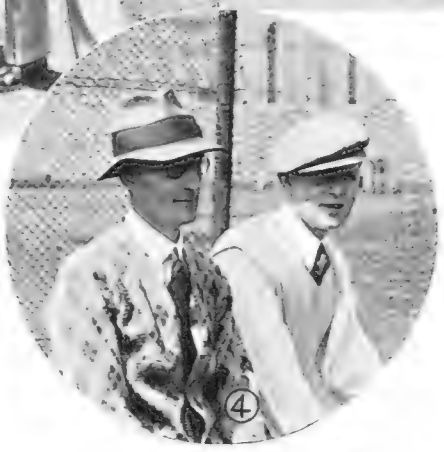
(*Continued on page* iv)

What the Stars Foretell . . .

On the eve of the Grand National our weekly "Celebrity in Cameo" was the Hon. Dorothy Paget, owner of Golden Miller, the winner.

On the eve of the Derby our weekly "Celebrity in Cameo" was the Maharaja of Rajpipla, owner of Windsor Lad, the winner.

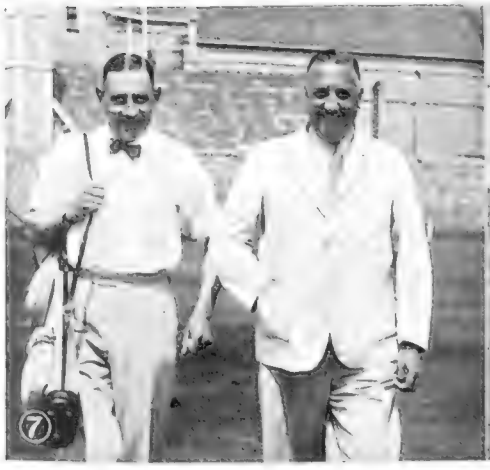
"It's all part of the Austin Reed Service"



(1) W. L. Bate (Captain of the Club) and R. A. Riddell (Secretary). (2) S. H. R. Hornby (last year's Champion of Somerset). S. H. Newman, G. C. Killey (three times Club Champion), A. Broderick and H. V. Gibbons. (3) E. S. Masy Poyntz and J Hobdell. (4) W. P. Cole and R. P. Hirst. (5) R. R. Riddell and A. C. Walbridge. (6) Dr. A. T. F. Rowley and Dr. Hugh Powell. (7) F. M. Fry and T. A. Wilmot. (8) S. L. Dickinson and F. R. C. Love. (9) E. T. Winchester and Dr. W. Gow Cook

Golf Clubs at Home

Championship Day at Weston-super-Mare



Young Cricketers of Promise

By Howard Marshall

The Headmaster of Leatherhead School (centre) talking to Sir Julien Cahn (left) and Lord Ebbisham at a cricket match, the sides being captained by the two latter. It was played in aid of the Leatherhead School Pavilion Fund

IT is rather significant, by the way, to note the success of relatively unknown amateur fast bowlers recently. A. E. G. Baring began it by skittling out the more illustrious Australians in their match against Hampshire; A. D. Baxter, late of Loretto, did the same for Lancashire; H. D. Read startled Surrey last week-end by taking seven wickets for 35 runs in Surrey's first innings.

This is all very encouraging and I hope we shall hear more of these young men. It would be pleasant, too, if W. G. Lowndes maintained his batting form for Hampshire. I think we should watch Lowndes with considerable interest. He was always, from his Oxford days onwards, a confident, attractive batsman, but until this year he has been apt to end an innings in the sixties or seventies with a sudden and disastrously wild stroke. Now he backs his confidence with reasonable restraint, and he is developing into one of the few amateur batsmen who may play a part in representative cricket. I wonder, indeed, whether Lowndes may not in due course be in the running for the English captaincy. He is gaining valuable experience with Hampshire; he has character and intelligence, and he is mercifully free from nerves. At the moment, B. H. Valentine seems to be marked down as the coming man; he is younger than Lowndes, certainly, and full of promise, but there is plenty of time for him yet.

Mr. A. G. Doggart, the famous Corinthian footballer, and Mrs. Doggart, a player and spectator on the Leatherhead School ground

A. W. G. Hadingham, who has played for Surrey, one of the team in the match between Sir Julien Cahn's and Lord Ebbisham's XI at Leatherhead, seen with Mrs. Hadingham

THE record drought threatens us with a record spate of runs. This is tiresome, for it throws cricket out of perspective: it may be pleasant for the spectator to cook himself to a turn in the sunshine, but wickets which are invariably fast and true rob us of much of the game's art and rich variety.

It is churlish, though, to grumble at weather which must be making the county secretaries and treasurers rub their hands gleefully. I have an idea, moreover, that when you read these notes the rain will be falling, and we shall be peering morosely through the pavilion windows at Trent Bridge on the fourth day of a ruined Test Match.

NOT very optimistic, perhaps, but surely the little piles of sawdust will be popping up soon, and some respite will be coming to the weary feet of cricketers. These hard grounds, incidentally, have taken their toll with strains and muscle injuries, and I hope very much that Clark's trouble in the Test Trial will prove to be only temporary.

We may have considerable need of Clark before we have done with the Australians; at his best he is a most dangerous fast bowler, and our hopes of retaining the Ashes may well depend upon speed and sound slip fielding.

Among our fast bowlers, Nichols, of Essex has many supporters, and a great-hearted player and a most useful all-rounder he is; but it is surely impossible to class him in the first flight as a bowler pure and simple. His action is laboured, and he lacks the life and devil of the Larwoods and Macdonalds.

WHAT we are to make of Kenneth Farnes, also of Essex, I don't know. Farnes has moments when he fills us with great expectations, moments when he uses that height of his, and sends the ball kicking viciously from the pitch, and has the batsman feeling nervously for the one which goes away. At the moment, though, there is a suspicion about his consistency; will this fire and fury last for more than two or three overs if it is not stimulated by success? Farnes is on the way to becoming an England player, and it is important that he should arrive before long.

AND now, what about the progress of team-building at the Universities? Oxford, unfortunately, are hampered by the demands of the examiners, but Chalk seems to have discovered some first-rate batsmen. N. S. Mitchell-Innes, for example, is obviously a class player, and I doubt whether Cambridge have anyone as sound or dependable. Then, F. C. de Saram is brilliant. He gets himself out now and again with unnecessarily experimental strokes, but his innings against the Australians, when Oxford were in desperate straits, will long be remembered. J. W. Seamer is playing excellently just now, with much more freedom than he did last year, and when we reflect that D. F. Walker, D. C. H. Townsend, and Chalk himself will be in the side at Lord's, the strength of the Oxford batting is obvious. The bowling is less certain. R. G. Tindall is useful with the new ball; there are possibilities about K. L. T. Jackson, the Rugby footballer; W. M. Eadon, a freshman, is well spoken of as a spin bowler, though he needs more experience and confidence.

Unhappily for Chalk, the claims of Schools have kept Legard and Barlow out of the field, though I am told that Legard in particular has been seen to bowl extremely effectively in nets earlier in the term.

OXFORD will need a powerful attack, for Cambridge also are full of batting. It is pleasant to find that attractive, quick-footed player, J. H. Human, in form, and H. T. Bartlett is fulfilling the prophecies which made him out to be the most promising young left-hander in the country, with the real Woolley flavour about him. A. W. Allen has made runs beautifully, and so has R. de W. K. Winlaw, and G. W. Parker is at last showing form which is really worthy of him. J. G. W. Davies is a delightful player, when his luck is in, and altogether Cambridge should be quite capable of holding their own. What is more, they have a left-arm bowler of considerable promise in J. W. T. Grimshaw. A. G. Pelham had a great afternoon against Glamorgan; J. H. Cameron is by no means a bad bowler, and if Cambridge lack a Farnes, and are troubled by the fact that Jehangir Khan is less effective than he was, they can at least feel quite cheerful about their prospects.

The Middlesex Championships at Chiswick Park

Miss Joy Cunningham living up to her Christian name

Below, left: E. G. H. Newburn, Hon. Secretary

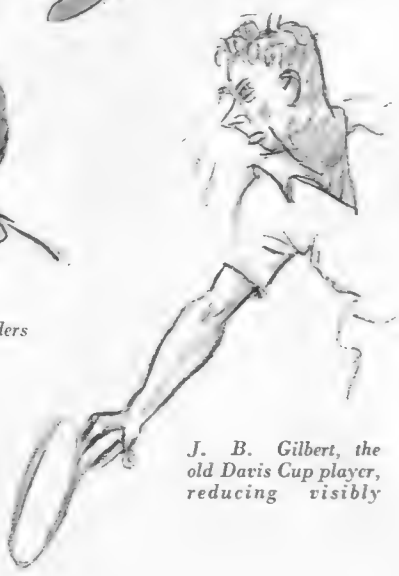
Below, right: Sir Harold Elverston, Chairman

A. F. Hunton about to smash

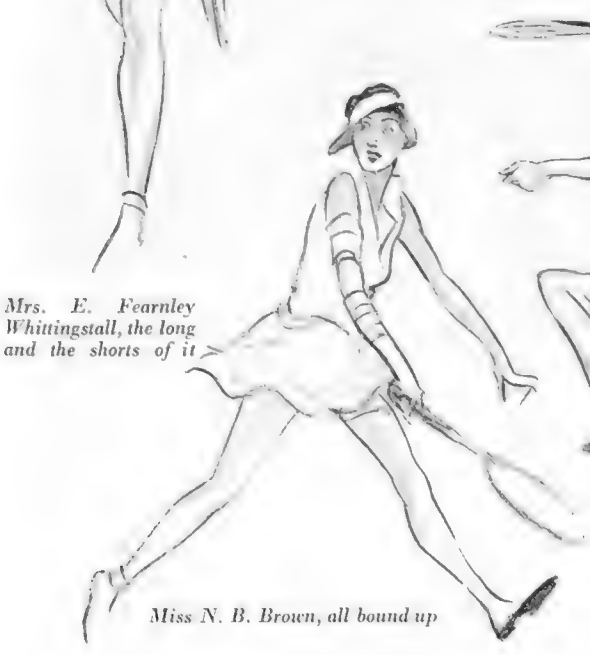
F. H. D. Wilde living up to his surname

Joint Hon. Tournament Managers, Mrs. G. Blagden and A. Barry Aulton

Miss J. Saunders



J. B. Gilbert, the old Davis Cup player, reducing visibly



Mrs. E. Fearnley Whittingstall, the long and the shorts of it

Left: W. F. Freeman, "all in" for "all out"

Miss N. B. Brown, all bound up

Capt. A. E. Browne, with latest in shorts and towels

Our Special Artist, H. H. Harris's Impressions of Players and Officials

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

France and Persia: By A. G. Macdonell

MR. GEORGE SLOCOMBE is a foreign correspondent who not only knows his continent, but can write English as well. *The Heart of France* (Selwyn and Blount; 10*s.* 6*d.*) could only have been written by one who loves and understands the country. Mr. Slocombe has not set himself to write a guide-book. He has tried to describe the real lives of the real French, which is such a different thing from the boulevards of Paris. Nothing could be better than his descriptions of the countryside, of the cherry orchards in Normandy, of the Mass for the dead in the little town of Falaise, of life in a provincial town with its Café du Commerce, and its dominoes and its local officials and its small, weekly newspaper. Mr. Slocombe drifts easily from the châteaux to Rabelais, and to the Bretons, and to the inns of France, and the wines, and he finishes with three pages on the little inn at Thoiry where Briand and Stresemann had their famous lunch and tried to bring a new spirit into Europe. The world would have been a different place to-day if they had been allowed to succeed. "Stresemann is dead," writes Mr. Slocombe nobly, "his work unfinished. His grave is already trampled upon by the Apocalyptic horsemen. The spirit of Thoiry is already forgotten in the clamours of the unquiet spirit of revenge." The photographs in Mr. Slocombe's book are worthy of the writing, and that is saying a lot, for *The Heart of France* is a beautiful and understanding book.

I WONDER if the time will ever come when people are bored with books about Napoleon. Not in our time, I fancy. The latest is a translation, by T. C. Macaulay, of Houssaye's *Return From the Island of Elba*, which is published by Longmans at 6*s.*, under the title, *The Return of Napoleon*. It is a short book, but every page is crammed with excitement. It was one of the Emperor's most amazing feats to land at Cannes and to reach Paris without firing a shot. He began very cautiously, feeling his way northwards, and he repeatedly halted to discover the feelings of the peasants in front of him. Then, suddenly, he began his whirlwind rush across the mountains, over steep, snow-covered tracks, along the edges of precipices, and over high passes on foot. He actually covered two hundred miles in six days, and entered Grenoble in triumph. After that there was no need for such desperate hurry, and the game had been won. As he said himself, "Before Grenoble I was an adventurer; at Grenoble I was a reigning Prince." Houssaye describes in a few pages the tragic story of Ney, the son of the Saarlouis barrel-cooper. "I was caught in a storm," said Ney, "and I lost my head." On all sides men were caught in the same storm, and they kept their heads and fled for their lives. Ney was far too honest, and he did what he thought was the right thing. He went over to the Emperor, to prevent civil war. The Allies shot him for it afterwards, the bravest of the brave. He died as fearlessly as he had lived.

MISS FREYA STARK is one of those extraordinarily adventurous people who seem to hunt about on maps until they discover some corner which looks more uncomfortable than any other corner, and then they go and visit it. Miss Stark's particular patch of discomfort lies in Luristan, a forgotten piece of Persia. As she says herself, modestly: "Very few Europeans travel in this country. Sir A. T. Wilson has been there, and perhaps half-a-dozen more." She has written her experiences in *The Valleys of the Assassins* (Murray; 12*s.* 6*d.*), and I think this book has a good chance of being linked in posterity with *Eothen* and its peers. Luristan is a country where anyone with a gun automatically takes a shot at a policeman, and the policeman automatically takes a shot at everyone else. Both these engaging habits are, however, severely limited by the ever-existing doubt whether the man's life is of more value than the cartridge. Miss Stark wandered into strange places. She visited the valleys from which sprang the ancient tribe of the Assassins, and the mountains of Mazanderan, and the fabled Throne of Solomon, and saw in the distance the outline of the everlasting snows of Elburz. *The Valleys of the Assassins* is a model of the art of printing and publishing a book of travel. The print, paper, photographs and maps are all first-class, and the dedication to W. P. Ker will delightfully help to keep ever-green, if anything is necessary to keep ever-green, the memory of that much-loved man.

Yevonde

Lord Derwent

whose book, "Rossini and Some Forgotten Nightingales," was recently published by Duckworth. He spent many years collecting material for this work, both in England and on the Continent, and has personally visited nearly all the scenes of Rossini's life

THE autobiography of Mr. Ford Madox Ford, *It Was the Nightingale* (Heinemann; 10*s.* 6*d.*), is not a book for the whole world, but it is a valuable contemporary document for the part of the world which is fascinated by the great men and women of the past. Mr. Ford has certainly known his share of the great, and the giant figures, Conrad, Moore, Galsworthy, Proust, and the loud but dwarf figures of the Stein group in Paris, and a hundred others, come striding through his pages. Mr. Ford begins with a sketch or two of the imbecility of the men responsible for the administration of the war—he himself served in a line battalion, although forty-one when the war broke out—and of the ghastly incompetence that blossomed gaily on all sides, and then he rambles about inconsequentially, to Paris, to London, to America, to the Riviera, to anywhere, apparently, that his memory drives his pen. It is all very readable and entertaining, and the writing, of course, is brilliantly and vitriolically skilful. There is one curious point which struck me. What is the reason for ascribing to the nightingale that poem which begins "In April come he will, In May he sings all day," which, surely, belongs to the cuckoo? It is the cuckoo's voice which changes its tune in June, not the nightingale.

MR. JOHN RHODE, that experienced criminal, so to speak, has produced yet another of his detective novels, and it is called *Poison For One* (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is an excellent specimen, clearly written and skilfully devised. It is true that there is no vast deal of originality required to kill a rich company director in a country house. It is a theme which has been dealt with before from time to time. But, given this ancient gambit, Mr. Rhode makes a good and workmanlike job of it. He has, rather unfortunately, been poorly served by his paper and print, and it is not an easy book to read, from the ocular point of view. When the reader is feverishly trying to concentrate upon the disentangling of clues and the discarding of red herrings, he is in no mood to grapple with indifferent typography. This is a very great pity. There can be no doubt that presentation does much to make or mar a publication.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

assembled by

JEAN BURNUP

A Two-Way Dress For Ascot

AN elegant affair in chiffon, shirred all over. The colour is pollen-brown, which is brown crossed with beige. You wear it over a moiré slip of a subtle new shade of blue. At the end of the day, take off the dress, and the slip shows it has a life and personality of its own. It becomes the formal, beautifully fitting evening gown of the second sketch.

Peter Russell

Bond Street and Roundabout

By Jean Burnup

DRESS parade. . . . Silky mannequins walk around, each muscle obeying orders.

Being a mind-reader in my spare time, I can tell you what every other woman present was thinking:

"I want that dress like mad. . . . I'd like that suit—it's gorgeous. . . . I must have an evening gown like that. . . . Would that colour suit me, I wonder? . . . What a heavenly neck-line! . . . Of course, that girl would look terrific in anything. . . . She's got no hips, no stomach, no anything. . . . What a figure! . . . Wish I could lose my hips. . . . How do these girls do it? . . . I seem to bulge in wrong places . . ."

* * * *

THE sight of so many svelte girls wearing lovely clothes is really too much. You dash home, resolved to be faithful to diet and exercise.

Especially, you will eat no potatoes, which, unfortunately, are your favourite vegetable.

There is one ecstatic moment, weeks later, when, stepping off the bathroom scales, you find eight or nine pounds has melted away.

Seeing yourself dressed, you find that, after all, it hasn't made much difference to the bulges.

Then, on the same day that one of your grandest friends goes off to New York or Nairobi, or somewhere, for six months, leaving blank spaces behind him, somebody belonging to another school of thought says that potatoes aren't fattening at all.

Also, you remember reading that Gertrude Lawrence, celestially slender, eats what she likes and as much as she likes.

And, just to rub it in, I will tell you what Yvonne Printemps told me: that she takes no exercise "except wor-r-r-k." She eats anything she fancies, and one of the things she fancies a lot of the time is gateau

A Tailored Coiffure for All Summer Sports

HERE is a pleasant, clean-cut hair-dressing change from the bunchy fringes and forehead curls seen around so much since Katherine Hepburn and Anna Sten started it all.

Plenty of "Little Women" coiffures look as if a lump of front hair has been cut off carelessly, and the comb fluffed backwards through it.

The wearers try, with distended nostrils and tight mouths, to look dramatically aloof and Hepburnish. Unfortunately, they often look as if they were smelling something not quite pleasant.

"That Pink Thing You Wore"

WHEN the dress seen below is elderly, and hanging forgotten in the back of the wardrobe, somebody will say, with insistent tenderness "*Please wear that pink thing you had on when I first met you.*" It is that kind of dress.

It is made of palest pink marquesette, which hangs graciously, like chiffon, but has more substance. Silver sequins and light bugle beads trim it. The line is easy on the figure. It comes from Harvey Nichol's Model Gowns Department.

Cannons of Hollywood

PERHAPS you guessed that all this was leading up to something? It is. In one word—*foundations*.

It is pretty simple. If your own foundation is imperfect, wear a perfect foundation.

Don't ever play fast and loose with your figure, even if it is reasonably perfect now.

No foundation can make a rising ten stone look eight stone, but a good one will smooth out most figure deficiencies.

* * * *

IT is still called the Corset Department in most of the big stores. But the fascinating garments they show you there now have little resemblance to those old enemies of breathing and balance.

Swan and Edgar's told me that women were really beginning to understand the importance of figure control.

I looked at some of the new Berlei foundations there—attractive affairs made of lace elastic, double voile, satin and lace.

Some are lightly reinforced by light boning, some are not. Fastening seems to be performed by magic. For, although they undo and do up for comfort, you would never know it. No ridge or crease shows.

For ordinary day and evening wear, and all average figures, they recommend the corselette with the unbroken line from shoulder to thigh.

Manufacturers of modern corselettes have put everything they know into them. They neither ride up nor wrinkle. They stretch where stretch is needed, and remain rigid where rigidity is needed.

If the diaphragm has to be coaxed flat, there is that gentle inside control to do it. Cleverly-cut brassière tops give the uplift line and perfect support.

* * * *

EVEN if you are enviably flat around the hips, a two-way stretch all-in-one corselette, unboned, fitting your body like another skin, is to be commended.

For heavier women there is Sensation Nemolastic, a cunning mixture of two-way elastic, satin faille, light bones, support and comfort. £3 10s., and worth every penny.

Slim girls addicted to sports and rushing around never used to wear anything, except a belt to keep their stockings up. You can't get away with that for long. The tiniest stomach and the smallest hips need gradual control, or they spread.

Lillywhite's, specialists in sports belts and corselettes, have a turquoise trifle made of elastic net, soft in the hand, but stiffening as it stretches on the figure, called "Scandale." Neat little suspenders fasten invisibly underneath.

Call there, too, when you want to choose a pantie belt to wear under shorts. They've a grand collection.

The Passing Picture Show

By Sydney Tremayne

Portrait of a Jealous Woman

Mary Morris as Victoria van Brett, in "Double Door," has but a small share of the malign and sinister power of Sybil Thorndike, who played the same part in the stage version in London just the other day. "Double Door" was at the Plaza last week

Spanish Interlude in "Ever Green"

Jessie Matthews as Harriet Green and Godfrey de Leon as Pedro, in the film version of the Cochran revue "Ever Green," now at the New Gallery

"Wings Over Everest"

IN spite of a certain "film consciousness," particularly apparent in the early part of the film, and attributable to the "composition" of the photographic material by Ivor Montague and Geoffrey Barkas, this record of a magnificent and unique achievement retains the essentially moving quality of high adventure.

On the morning, after weeks of bad weather, when it was decided to undertake the flight, and pilots, observers and cameramen tramped silently down to the two waiting machines in their clumsy, padded flying-suits and hideous oxygen masks, though we know now that they were destined to return alive and successful, they did not know it, and there is a feeling of tension and resolution emphasised by the "jumpiness" of the colleagues they left behind. Another moving moment is when the 'planes rise over the snow-covered ridge which the climbers go up.

For the photography, especially the aerial and topographical sequences, the greatest credit is due to the cameramen, and one of the thrills of the picture is the courage and resource of S. R. Bennett when he contrives to knot a handkerchief round a leak in the tube supplying the oxygen essential to life, and so carry on with his important work.

Before the flights themselves, led by Lord Clydesdale, over Everest, and Air-Commodore Fellowes over Kanchenjunga, all the preliminary preparations are shown, even including the interview at which the bountiful Lady Houston, reclining on a couch, consented to finance the expeditions, while Lord Clydesdale sits, somewhat stiffly, at a distance, and minimises the risks to be taken.

The picture ends with Lord Clydesdale's "happy landing," and his reply to a question as to what it was like: "Oh, all right."

"Two Hearts in Waltz-Time"

IF you like this sort of thing, and if you like Mr. Carl Brisson, you will spend an hour and a-half of sheer delight, for both are excellent of their kind; not, admittedly, the kind to enthuse cynical cineastes, or any who are indifferent to Carl Brisson's three-time heart-beats in unison with those of feline Frances Day, and probably with those of a goodly number of susceptible feminine 'fans.'

There is no actor who puts so much infectious, high-spirited good humour and self-satisfaction, so much energy and inoffensive amativeness into a part like this as Carl Brisson.

The music, by Robert Stolz and Franz Vienna, is tuneful; Gallone's direction smooth and helpful to the players.

Brisson is a composer, Frances Day the temperamental star, unknown to him, of his latest operette, of which the theme-waltz remains to be written. The action takes the form of a series of advances and retreats on both sides, to musical accompaniment, until the required "footage" has included the necessary inspiration and explanation, leaving the stars in poses respectively playful and fond.

"The Secret of the Loch"

AN ingenious interpretation of this topical monster business by Billie Bristow and Charles Bennett. Production and photography are good, and Seymour Hicks, as a professor with a proprietary interest in the monster and a disproportionate dislike for Pressmen, shows once more what a good character-actor he is. Gibson Gowland makes Angus, the bearded, bonneted, kilted henchman, the biggest part in the picture.

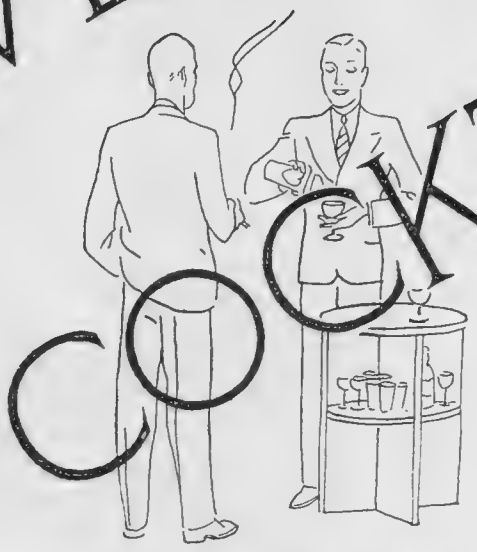
A diver meets his death at the hands, feet, or jaws of the monster (which is a living creature). If it is rather less terrible in actuality than in anticipation, that may be due in part to its slightly dazed expression.

A young Pressman, in love with the professor's niece, takes the place of a professional diver, and "interviews" the monster, instead of the plethoric professor. If you object that Fleet Street is not the ideal training-ground for divers, you should not go to films where the audience's credulity and curiosity must combine with authors' and producers' ingenuity in providing novelty thrills in good, honest melodrama.

"Double Door"

A DIFFERENT kind of thriller, which may once have had some sort of psychological basis, eliminated in the studio. The chief part, played with admirable intensity by Mary Morris, an actress from the New York stage, is that of a woman apparently suffering from progressive dementia. Her brother's young wife urges him to break away from a malign domination which has persisted since childhood. But wicked sister Victoria shuts the girl up in an air-tight treasure-chamber, and leaves her to die. Ludicrous situations pile up. The rescue of the victim follows conventional lines, and the double door closes on the would-be murderess.

HAVE A COCKTAIL?



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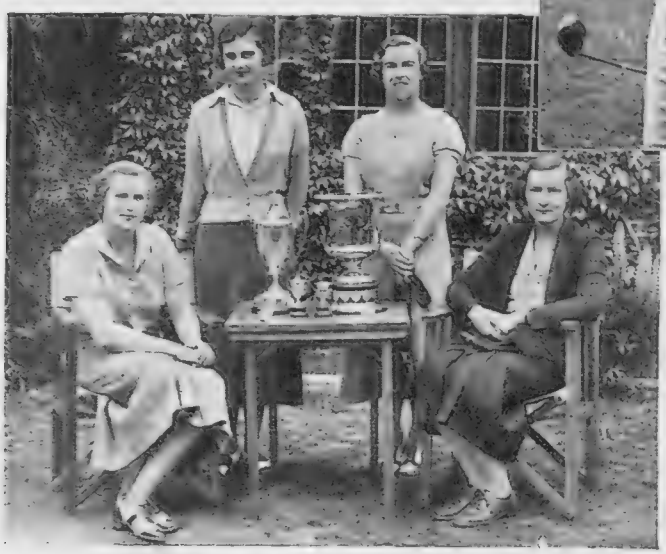
Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Pity the Poor Men!

Lady Clinton presenting the Champion Cup to Miss Radford after winning the Devon Ladies' Golf Championship, which was held at Budleigh Salterton, Devon

Women v. Men, at Stoke Poges, where the Women won by 15½ matches to 5½. Miss Joyce Wethered and A. D. Cave



The semi-finalists in the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association Annual Spring Tournament: the Hon. Elizabeth Brand (winner), the Hon. Esme Glyn, Miss G. Cradock-Hartopp, and Miss Pamela Schreiber (runner-up)

DEAR BYSTANDER,

DON'T think me crabbed or carping or anything nasty like that because this page is not headed in huge letters: "TRIUMPH OF THE LADIES AT STOKE." I know very well that we beat the men by 15½ to 5½, and that such a thing has only happened twice before, but the marvel this year would have been if the ladies had not won; and I would almost go so far as to say that they ought to have won even more crushingly. That is not because the men lacked some of their best—after all, we were without our Open Champion, Mrs. Holm—nor even because of the heartening sight of Miss Joyce Wethered and Miss Enid Wilson at the top of the team, but simply because the amount of run on the ball was such that nobody could reasonably expect to give nine strokes to anybody calling themselves a good golfer and win. Instead of blowing shrill feminine trumpets, I, for one, shall start by crooning a little panegyric to the men who won—namely, Mr. Rex Hartley and Mr. Ernest Storey, in the Foursomes, and to Mr. Dale Bourn, Mr. John Beck, Mr. Noel Layton, and Mr. Storey again, who won their singles, not forgetting the half point which Mr. Raymond Oppenheimer achieved. I think there might even be one little toot on a tin trumpet for Mr. Lister Hartley, because, to try and give nine strokes to Miss Joyce Wethered must be, to say the least, depressing, and he did make her play seventeen holes before succumbing.

STOKE POGES was in lovely order, only, if you ignored the beauties of bluebells and flowering trees, and water-lilies and yellow flags, it looked more like August than June, so hard was the ground, so stupendous the run on the ball. Tiger tees or no—and at almost every hole the players disappeared into the blue to find them—the ladies were hardly wanting wood for any second shots. Miss Wethered was within four yards of the fourth, for example, with a drive and a pitch-and-run; Miss Fishwick home at the fifteenth with a drive and a mashie. It was all most unfamiliar. Mr. Bernard Darwin was pessimistic, speaking as a man, from the first; the thing appeared to him almost farcical. I, speaking as a lady, and knowing how the unpleasantly incredible so often happens in this match, was more guarded. The first few foursomes reassured me, though I cannot say I saw much of them until Miss Wethered's was over, because the pleasure of watching our greatest golfer, particularly as she was putting confidently, was not to be resisted. When I could tear myself away from that game I was rather horror struck by the beauty of Mr. Storey's chipping, which was in process of defeating Mrs. Gold and Miss Pam Barton, and also by the apparently desperate position of Miss Garnham and Miss Cradock-Hartopp against Mr. Noel Layton and the Oxford Captain, Mr. K. A. S. Morrice. However, Miss Hartopp played a grand second to the last hole, and Miss Garnham sank the putt for a three, so that one could lunch with the pleasant total of Ladies: 6; Men: 1, to think about. In the afternoon the ladies set about gathering ye rosebuds while ye may with sufficient haste for the result to be beyond doubt by the time half the matches were in. Miss Wilson plucked them in handfuls—8 and 7, to be exact—from the hapless Mr. D. H. R. Martin, and was walking off to watch Miss Wethered almost before the last couple had left the first tee. She was level fours, and must have appeared almost as inhuman a monster to her man as most men have appeared to most ladies other years. I don't think it was surprising that Miss Pam Barton was a loser; she has probably played rather too much golf ever since Porthcawl, and, well as she knows Stoke in Girls' Championships, Stoke for this great annual match is a different proposition. She took Mr. Dale Bourn (in a béret) to the last green, and must be content with knowing that it was all good experience before the Great Britain v. France match at Chantilly in three weeks' time.

STOKE seems to have taken up most of my space. I had meant to chat about the Lancashire Inter-Club Championship at Reddish Vale, won by Royal Lytham and St. Annes, for whom Miss Elsie Corlett had a brilliant 76. Lytham and St. Annes, by the way, are having an Open Meeting on July 4th which will be very much worth going to.

And there is the East of Scotland Championship, when Miss Millicent Couper celebrated her choice for Great Britain with a grand card of 78, three below par, at Dalmahoy, where it was played, and then lost the final to Miss Helen Nimmo.

And, above all, there is the Parliamentary Tournament, which I attended personally, with very great pleasure. It is so interesting to see fresh people, not only those whose game you could almost describe if you watched blindfold. Swinley Forest is a delicious spot (you need not be a gourmet to enjoy lunch there), and with rhododendrons and broom in full bloom, things were looking their loveliest. But, of course, there was an amazing amount of run on the ball, and so the back-markers, Mrs. Douglas Fish and Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp, both perished in the attempt to give strokes. Miss Hartopp looked like doing the miraculous; after she had survived at the nineteenth against Lady Astor, I really thought all would be well for her, but Miss Pamela Schreiber, from Woodbridge, was too much, with twelve strokes, in the semi-final, and Miss Schreiber herself was beaten in the final when she gave two strokes to the Hon. Elizabeth Brand. Lady Astor impressed me not a little as a golfer. Fight? She will stick to a match when all seems lost. Putt? You should have seen the firm way she rolled them in on those highly frightening and slippery greens. Run-up? A good many golfers with much lower handicap than she might study her straight arm in that shot with advantage. Lady Carisbrooke is another of the Parliamentarians whose golf is wonderfully good considering how little time she can give to it; she stuck most bravely to Miss Cradock-Hartopp. As for the two finalists, they are both promising young golfers, with any amount of power at their disposal. Miss Brand is a little inclined to hug her waist with her right elbow; the shots when she got it well away were excellent; Miss Schreiber is even longer, and Miss Quilter (one of Miss Hartopp's victims) longer still. Miss Stringer and Miss Evelyn Bramwell ran the affair perfectly, as ever.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

Man, Woman, and Adornment

By H. D. B.

THROUGHOUT the history of our so-called civilisation, until the nineteenth century, in the matter of bodily adornment man strutted the stage of life as the arrogant peacock, and woman timidly followed as the lesser-plumaged pea-hen.

The twentieth century is an era of war and revolution. Man is still licking his wounds, whilst his feathers are moulting; woman is painting her lips and taking advantage of his deserved subjections.

To-day woman is spending at least five times as much as man on clothes. She has become a creature of excess. Often she looks adorable—sometimes she looks like hell, but she goes on spending just the same, and she consoles herself with the thought that the sylph-like line of her expensive evening gown demands an economic saving of even the most fragile under-garment. She is so daring in her assumed virtue that she would act Godiva with permanently curled hair. She has the subtlety of the panther, and the slimmed hide of the rhinoceros. Clothes to her are emotion and enticement—to man they are merely a sober protection against temperamental chills.

During the season, in her chameleon moods, she appears in varied raiment. Her private social engagements are prolific, but, apart from these, she finds time to show her person, with becoming publicity, at the Embassy, Ciro's, the Dorchester, and the cosmopolitan Savoy. And she displays not only most of the natural creation of herself, but on her dieted body she also exhibits the revealing creations of Stiebel, Hartnell, and Molyneux Her extravagance is such that these delicacies are quickly soiled by mixing with the common herd. In the loveliness of June she sees the dawn in the clothes that were draped around her body before last night's sun had set. But the beauty of the dawn is lost, because her vision is obscured, and her mascara-ed lashes droop faintly over tired eyes.

There is another side of the picture—the black-coated foil—or fool. He, poor mutt, is an insignificant appendage of many rôles. On rare occasions he may even be the husband, or an equivalent provider. He may be the lover, or the fertiliser, or a wealthy clown from provincial shires, asserting gaiety in ill-bred merriment.

The lovely creations which adorn the modern woman are designed for a short and possibly gay life. The effect of their bloom is beautiful, but so delicate that soon they become marred by human contact. And, like the petals of a handled rose, they fall from their stem and fade into mysterious oblivion.

This little dissertation, drifting into a sociological essay, is in reality nothing more or less than an advertisement, and, since its publication is paid for (another scandalous anomaly; but life to-day is so often inverted or perverted), it is essential to endeavour to drive home some sort of commercial argument.

Pope and Bradley are the leaders of the men's fashion of the world. Their clientèle represents the cream of England and of Europe.

If the thousands of customers on the books of Pope and Bradley spent half as much as their woman friends, the principals of the firm would be placed in a quandary. The lives of millionaires are inclined to be dyspeptic. And seats in the House of Lords do not foster dreams of Elysian passion.

Woman is a creature of change; man is an animal of habit. If a woman entered any fashionable gathering wearing a 1931 gown, she would feel mediæval and miserable—a pariah at the feast. Lips would curl in contempt; nostrils would distend; the assembly would be horrified. She would probably be requested to leave the room, on the grounds of public indecency; skirts having become so circumspectly long.

On the other hand, man, sedate, and sometimes sober, dons his 1931 evening suit, which never wears out, and, buying a sixpenny red carnation, persuades himself, in his provincial conceit, that he looks like a Regency buck.

* * *

ACTUALLY, man, in his colossal stupidity, has been so completely occupied in thinking in terms of destruction, slaughter, mammon and mud, that he has lost his pride and individuality. Hence he is prone to accept the rule of demagogic dictators; most of whom have sprung as vulgar weeds from the soil, choking all the precious and tender growths of life. And millions of unintelligent clods are content to don a black shirt or a brown shirt, imagining themselves bred of the spirit of Ulysses. Such temporary fashions are sent to try us. They soon will disappear. Hitler has no progeny. House-painters are not artists, and humans are not machines. The international armament firms, in comparison with which the gangsters of America are "Angel Gabriels," may endeavour to play their murder game perhaps for one more decade; after that they will be consigned to the rottenness they have endeavoured to foster.

The anti-war crusader is not a weak-kneed slave. He is the fiercest of fighters. He will join issue with his known and individual enemies, the war-mongers skulking in the security of council chambers, bickering, plotting, bribing and inciting the herd to another holocaust for their own personal profit and aggrandisement. The modern crusader of principle refuses to agree to blot out millions of unknown and innocent human beings, against whom he has no personal grudge. But the individual enemy, who is responsible for fostering wholesale slaughter, should be treated as a wild beast. Killing is too good for him. His eyes should be torn from him, so that, blinded, he can neither see the scarified battle-plains, nor the beauty of the flowers. The drums of his ears should be pierced by hornets, so that the music of the world could no more be heard. His tongue should be stung by adders and cut from its roots, so that he might no longer taste the fruits of the earth. Marcher ants should infest his organs so that they could but rarely function. Then antidotes should be applied, and the science of Voronoff engaged to re-inforce sufficient strength to endure fresh agonies; and, though begging for the death he had inflicted upon the multitudes, he should be kept alive for an eternity; a shell, a husk, an obscenity enduring the torture of a cancerous mind. Despised by men, and forsaken by God.

* * *

THE diatribe is ended. And so, for this political divergence an apology is offered. The mood is changed from filth to loveliness. The essay is on Woman. Man, unfortunately, intervened. It is difficult to discern wisdom in men, with the world in a muck-heap. Therefore, it is right that woman should provide the acme of attraction—otherwise, the only alternative would be a general hari-kari, to avoid a vomiting exit.

The emancipation of woman is a fascinating study. Where will it lead? It does not count at present in political life, but its effect in social life is stupendous. Let us take a look at what she has achieved. Nothing, of course, in any of the Arts: in all of which, music, painting, sculpture, literature, she is distinctly second-class. As a creative artist, she hardly exists. But in the living life, she is supreme. The problem is the extent of her thrills.

It is only generous to admit that in personal adornment she makes her nearest approach to artistry. She realises its infinite sex-value, and has annexed this perquisite from man. Hitherto, it was mutually shared. Now she has ordained that man should only appear as an inconspicuous black beetle. There is subtlety in this. He is safer when sedate, and less likely to attract. Her primary emotion is adulation for herself; her purpose is the subjugation of the male—physical and financial, singular and plural, temporal and spiritual.

Her success is amazing. She rules the society which revolves around her. Man is relegated to the status of the elemental provider. Lesser by far in his authority than the primitive cave-man, who clothed himself in furs and thrashed his wife to keep her warm.

She is the orbit. He is the fallen star. The more sombre he is, the more her lustre is enhanced; and the more easily she annexes the limelight, the colour, and the gaiety.

Sometimes the scene provides satiric laughter for the gods. Imagine the black-coated Croesus displaying his wealth on the bejewelled body of his woman; enjoying a vicarious possessiveness, and stroking his stimulated stomach, and smacking his lascivious lips. His reward is the silvery smile of cultivated simplicity. And so—

Let woman, lovely, altruistic, timid, shrinking woman, array herself in the skins of a hundred sables.

Let the unborn lamb lose its astrakhan and the bird of paradise its tail.

Let the misanthropic oyster be deprived of its one ewe-pearl.

For her, let the diamond-seekers sweat and toil till their eyes are bloodshot and their tongues are parched.

Let the dance bands strive in frenzy to give her ecstasy of movement.

Let the chefs concoct epicurean dishes that her jaded appetite may be tickled.

Let the seasons be changed. Let nature be forced. Let the vines ripen in the winter time.

Let the multitudes of men bow their knees in worship.

Let the depths of the sea and the bowels of the earth be searched for jewels to adorn her beautiful flesh.

Let inspired music be composed that her ears may be soothed.

Let artists paint her in such flattering colours that her sensuous eyes may be pleased.

Let luscious fruits be forced that her crimsoned lips may be feasted.

Let no moment in her captive life be unfulfilled.

Let her play with Plato, joke with Juan, lunch with Lucius, and dine with Dionysus. And let her never cease to proclaim the absoluteness of her virtue.

Let all that man can provide be given. And then—insatiable—she will demand more.

It is an attractive revolution, more alluring than man's destruction.

In the midst of international turmoil, woman has constituted a world for herself.

Since man has made a mess of the fight, let woman annex the spoils.

So let the world be run for her.

For her and her alone.

* * *

THE motive of this verbose exuberance is not mere entertainment. It is an effort to stir man into some semblance of pride, to assert his individual arrogance, to regard himself as the Lord of creation and woman as the Lady of recreation. To vie with her, and to dress and undress in the same perfect taste. And when he feels the desire to wear fine and exclusive clothes, he has only to stroll along to 14, Old Bond Street, and equip himself for fresh adventure.

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

Mrs. W. H. Collins christening Wilna, a Diesel yacht, designed by Mr. Norman Hart, built for Mr. W. H. Collins at Cochrane's Yard, Selby, Yorkshire

Lending the "Enemy" a Hand

Mr. Haig Thomas (left), the well-known Cambridge coach, in a tub pair with A. V. Sutcliffe, the Oxford Blue

Wightman Cup Players

Peggy Scriven and Helen Jacobs entering the court for the final of the French Championships. The former (the holder) beat the American champion by two sets to one

So George Allison has burnt his boats, and become manager of the Arsenal. I have not seen him since his decision was announced, but I can well believe that he is more genial and expansive than ever.

A remarkable man, in his way, is genial George. He makes you feel, as you listen to that deep, confident voice of his, that Association football really is important. George is short, thick-set, versatile, vastly energetic, with a laugh like Niagara Falls. He is a journalist at heart, and a first-rate one at that, and his stories of the peculiarities of American millionaires are worth hearing.

They say his salary is to be £3000 a year. I've no doubt he will earn it. This is the day of the sporting impresario, and George Allison may well become the Cochran of the football world. His journalistic training and connections will help him. We shall undoubtedly hear more of George.

TALKING of impresarios, I see that Jeff Dickson is to blow the gaff on the boxing racket, in a Sunday newspaper. Very interesting that should be, if he really blows hard enough. There isn't much about the boxing game that Jeff Dickson doesn't know, and yet, to meet him, you'd think he was, perhaps, a wealthy art connoisseur.

I have a great respect for Dickson's astuteness. He may be pale and slight, almost ascetic-looking; he may move softly and speak quietly and dress immaculately; he may appear to be sensitive and show signs of excitement during a big fight, but the iron is there, right enough.

I don't, myself, care for the boxing racket overmuch, but it is possible to admire the adroitness of a man who rides the whirlwind and makes it carry him where he wants to go. If Jeff Dickson would speak his mind about Carnera and Doyle, to mention only two of the boxers he has handled, we should have some entertaining reading. Meanwhile, we must content ourselves with Mr. Jeff Dickson's boxing shows—a good one the last was, at the White City. The Harvey-Petersen fight puts heavyweight boxing well on the mat again, because neither of the competitors reached that recumbent position. The fight was a credit to both winner and loser. With the score at one-all, the pair must assuredly meet again, but what I do most emphatically suggest is that Petersen should be matched with Tommy Loughran, of America, who is at present in this country. That would give us a line on the relative values of heavy-weights in England and the U.S.A.

Incidentally, Carnera and Max Baer meet this week for the heavy-weight Championship of the world. This should be a fierce affair: I have never seen Baer, but, judging by his photographs, he is an exceedingly powerful young man. And I like the story that, in order to accustom himself to Carnera's playful habit of treading on his opponents' toes, Baer has hired an eighteen-stone sparring partner to trample

A. N. A. Boyd, the Eton Captain, and A. J. S. Cassavetti going out to bat for Eton against the Eton Ramblers in a match played at Agar's Plough

(Continued on page 508)

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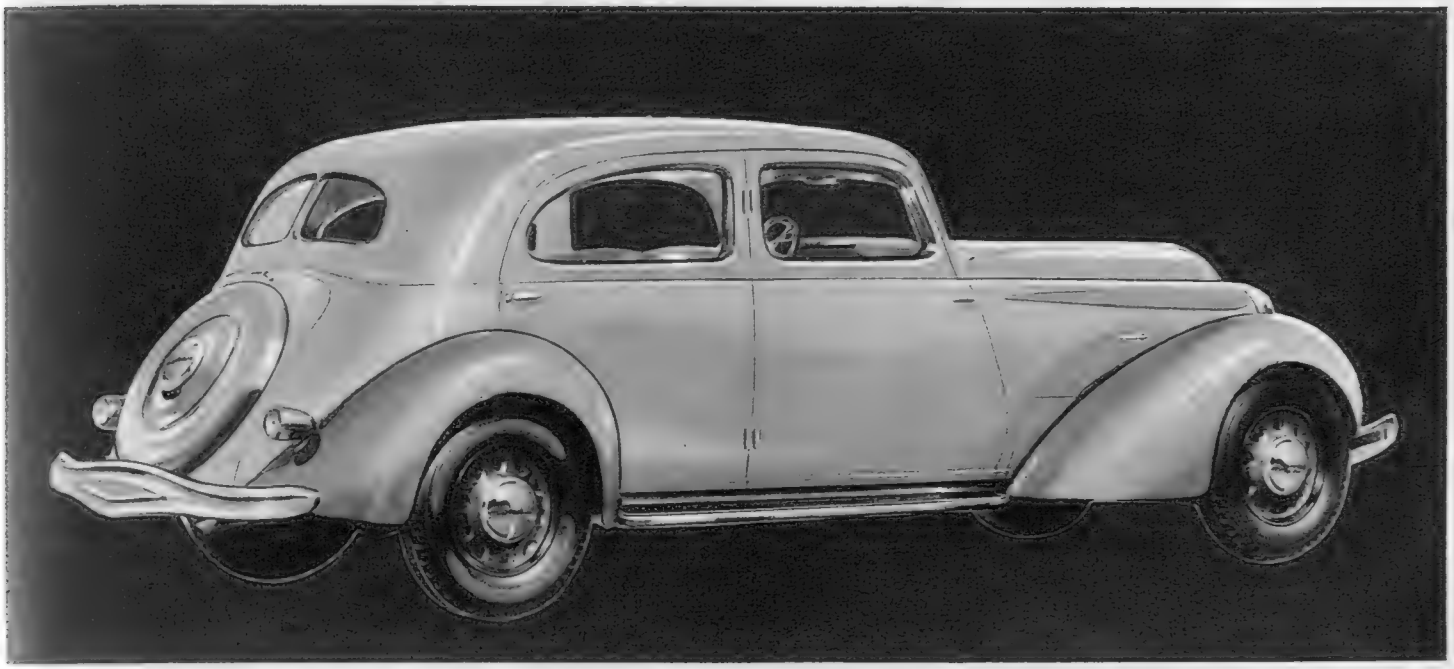

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Warwick Wright

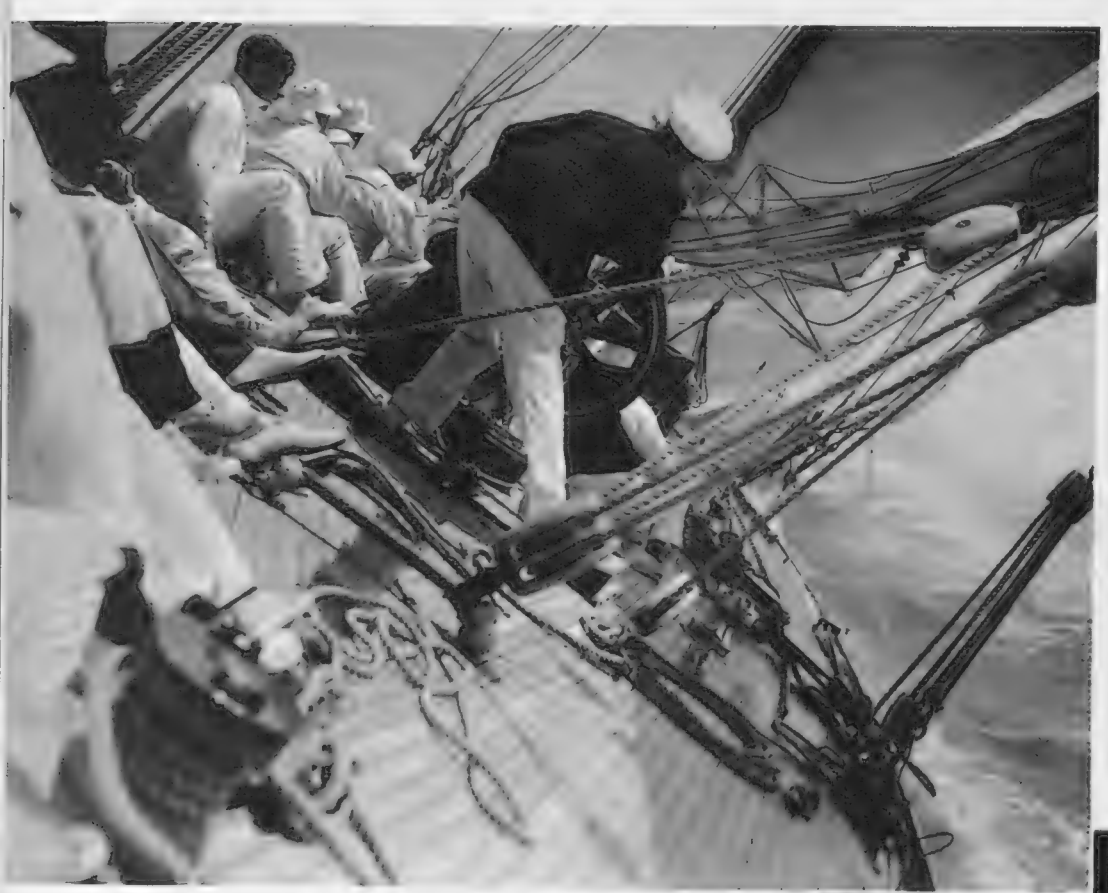
MANAGING DIRECTOR.

Sport with the Lid Off

(Continued from page 506)

on his feet. For various reasons—not all of them complimentary to the profession of boxing in the United States—I have a hunch that Baer will win. The odd thing is that in America people seem to have lost interest in the sport. It is odd, I suppose; or isn't it?

Now to more cheerful subjects, and, first of all, the encouraging fact that in the Kinnaird Trophy meeting, at the White City, G. L. Rampling won the quarter from C. H. Stoneley in 49 2-5th sec. This is good,



A Capful of Wind

The Shamrock, Mr. C. R. Fairey at the wheel, racing at Harwich over a course of thirty-seven miles. She finished third in the first round

for Rampling is potentially a world-beater, and Bevil Rudd told me the other day that he considers Rampling to be in a class by himself among our quarter-milers. It is excellent news that he is really fit again.

Still, it is strange how often our leading athletes break down nowadays. Look at our cricketers—half-a-dozen of them out of action with muscle injuries: remember H. W. Austin's troubles, and now F. J. Perry is hurt; think of Don McCorkindale, the boxer, and the Rugby football casualties last season.

It may be all coincidence, of course, but I 'm inclined to think that it is because we take our games too strenuously. We overdo our training: we play too much—cricketers and lawn tennis and Association football players have very little rest. They burn themselves out—that is the truth of it. Biologists will tell you that, normally, we have great reserves. Our various organs only work to approximately an eighth of their full capacity. There is thus a wide margin for compensation—if, for example, we put a heavy strain on our heart, the rest of our body calls on the reserves to help.

Our athletes, though, work themselves at full stretch. They leave no margin, and breakdowns of one kind

C. S. Stanwood (Achilles) clearing the high jump at 5 ft. 11 in. in the Polytechnic Harriers' Meeting at the White City. He was third in this event

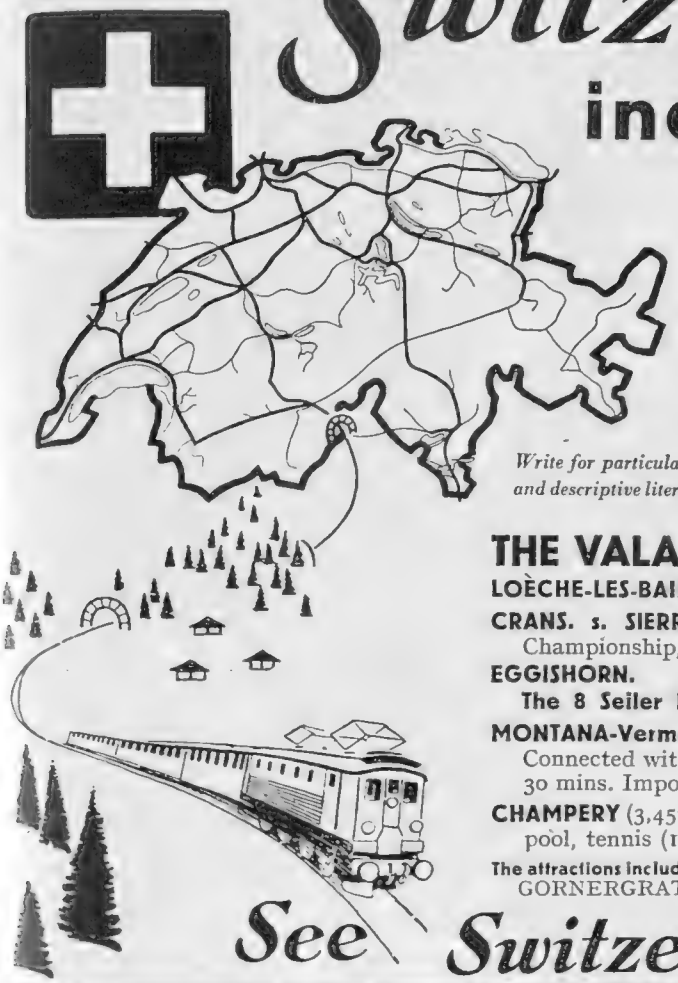
or another are inevitable. They may have serious trouble, or they may merely lose their form, The explanation is to be found. I am certain, in the fact that we do not sufficiently appreciate the value of rest.

Congratulations to Evelyn Dearman and Nancy Lyle on being chosen to represent Great Britain in the Wightman Cup. The L.T.A. did well to choose them, because they have played together as a pair, and should not be separated. Let us hope that this recognition of team-work will encourage others—male and female—to play constantly together. It is the only way to excel at what is becoming a lost art.

The Heavy-weight Championship of the British Empire

Jack Petersen landing a body blow in his fight with Len Harvey for the British Empire Heavy-weight Championship, at the White City. Petersen won, and each has now one victory to his credit

Switzerland for inexpensive holidays



PRICES in Switzerland have been lowered all round to meet present-day needs and means. The cost of a Swiss holiday need not be any higher than it was with the exchange at par. Not only are the Hotel rates most moderate, but from the **15th June** until the **15th October,** the Swiss Railways and the Swiss Post Office (Motor Coach Services) will grant a further

SPECIAL REDUCTION of 30%

on their ordinary return and circular tickets from the Swiss frontier to inland stations, **issued in Great Britain,** provided the passenger stays in Switzerland for at least seven days.

Write for particulars and descriptive literature to the

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11B Regent Street, London, S.W.1,
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MONTANA-Vermala (5,512 ft.). Where the sun shines. Sports for health. Connected with Sierre (Simplon Line) by funicular railway, journey 30 mins. Important reduction in fares. Through tickets to Montana.

CHAMPERY (3,452 ft.). At the foot of the Dents du Midi. Swimming pool, tennis (10 courts).

The attractions include the FURKA-OBERALP the VIÈGE-ZERMATT and the GORNERGRAT (10,148 ft.), all right in the heart of the highest Swiss Alps.

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Selected and Selectors at Golf

By F. G. L. Fairlie

Left: F. Francis, of Sunningdale, one of the last eight in the recent Amateur Championship, beaten by J. Wallace, the finalist. Right: John Neal, Moor Park, who was beaten by Leslie Garnett

Alexander Walker, of Delamere Forest, who was beaten three and one by G. T. Dunlap, Jun.

Leslie G. Garnett

A very promising young golfer who should be a strong candidate for the Walker Cup team

LAST week I told you about the Amateur Championship so recently concluded at Prestwick, but there are certain aspects which have not yet, as far as I know, been brought to your notice; and they are worth consideration. So, before we finally consign the happenings in Ayrshire to history, let us examine them this week in the light of the tolerance which should have come to us in the interval since they occurred.

In the first place, what about the results from the point of view of those gentlemen appointed by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club to select our Walker Cup side this year? Their job undoubtedly was to select the ten most accomplished British amateur golfers available to represent us against America; and I think it is fair to expect a large percentage of these players to be actively concerned in the final stages of the Championship—say, in the last sixteen, but certainly in the last thirty-two—if they can claim that they have accomplished what they have set out to do. Well, they had one man (Jack McLean) in the last sixteen, and four men in the last thirty-two. These four were McLean, Eric Fiddian, Wethered, and Lionel Munn. Not very impressive figures, being something under half-marks; but it must be remembered in their favour that good men are apt to go down to lesser players in the hurly-burly of eighteen-hole matches, although the fact remains that they should not. Very good fighters, such as T. A. Bourn, usually require a better golfer to defeat them, and Lawson Little did not beat him by so very much. Bourn is obviously the biggest mistake that was made, for his performances were simply crying out for a place in the side. But although one might forgive the Selectors for having four selections in the last thirty-two, only one in the last sixteen, and none at all in the last eight, it is very poor selecting indeed.

To look at it from the other point of view: who were there in the last eight? Lawson Little and George Dunlap, from the United States: obviously through no fault of our Selectors; but then, T. A. Bourn, F. Francis, James Wallace, Alex Walker, Leslie Garnett, and John Neal. I am trying to be very fair, and I can say, I think, that Francis, Wallace, Walker, and Neal were generally not expected to do so well. Of these four, certainly the most promising is Francis, who is a player of very great power and a thoroughly sound putter. He is also a young man with just the right temperament for the game, and quite obviously should be watched and encouraged for the future. Everyone who eventually becomes famous has to break into big golf at some time or another, and this break is too frequently described as a surprise. To those who knew his golf it was no surprise that Francis did so well at Prestwick, and as he is very keen indeed on the game and willing to practise, I feel fairly confident in prophesying that he will be heard of again and often. He is, to my mind, considerably better than any of the other three. But these four were, no doubt, never considered for the team, and there seems no reason to suppose that they should have been, although it does not seem unreasonable to ask J. L. C. Jenkyns, of Troon, if he knew of the prowess of James Wallace, of Troon Portland. T. A. Bourn obviously should have played: I sincerely hope that his face—if possible, divorced from its customary smile—haunts the sleep of the men who so foolishly omitted him. The last of this last eight is Leslie Garnett.

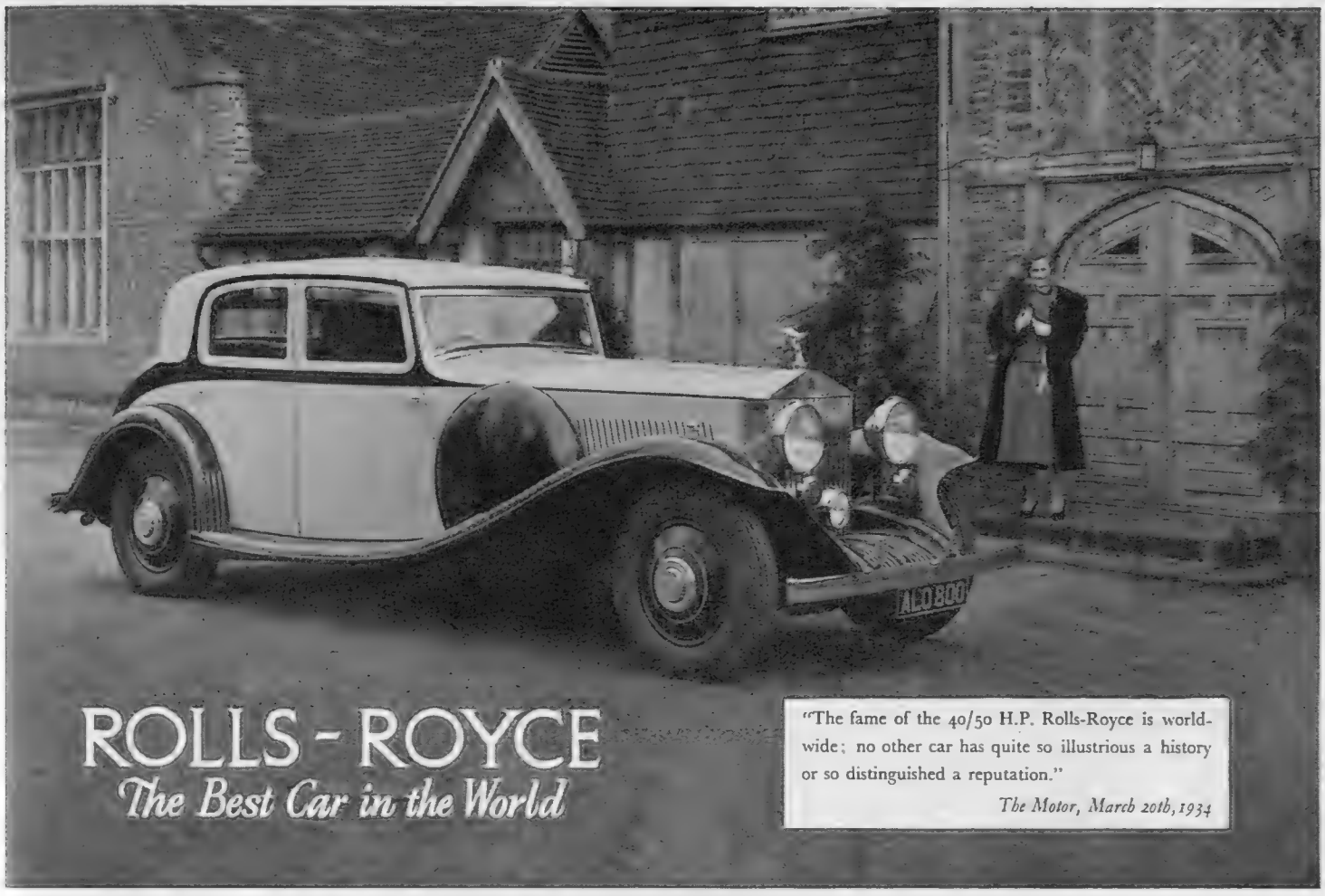
Garnett, some months ago, was the victim of a perfectly ridiculous publicity stunt. He was hailed as our "white hope," and he was described, in enormous print, as the finest golfer of the age. Garnett never asked for this publicity, and no doubt was extremely annoyed about it—it says much for the man that he is still universally popular amongst golfers, in spite of it all. Actually, he is a very promising young golfer indeed, and if he steadies down and improves in the next couple of years, as he should do, he will no doubt be one of our stars in the team which we will send out to battle for the Walker Cup in the United States. But, although he has proved all of us to be wrong, there were many reasons why he was omitted from our side this year. It would be interesting to know if he were ever considered: I rather doubt it. Only on the principle of giving a promising youngster match experience could this have been justified.

So what of it all? Well, we cannot blame the Selection Committee for leaving out five of the six British players who figured in the last eight—that is obvious. But we can, and do, blame them for leaving out that sixth, and we are very surprised that they only achieved one selected player in the last sixteen. We do not believe that, no matter how well they had done their work, we could possibly have won the match, but we do not allow them that fact as any sort of excuse. We are rightfully irritated, and we hope for better things (particularly in the shape of Selection Committees) in the future.

But, having said this, I must say something else: I notice that very recently in *Golf Illustrated*, the Editor, on the subject of the Selection Committee, is most damning. No one can blame him for that. But he goes on to offer a solution with regard to future selection: he suggests a Chairman from the Royal and Ancient, and Union representatives from various parts of the country as the members. This would be even worse than things stand at present: for then there comes immediately the element of locality into selection, which is nothing more or less than frightful. I can see teams including a Midlander because there is no one else from the Midlands, or two Englishmen because there is as yet only one, when these men may not deserve their places. No question of nationality or county should come in at all.

No; the best method of selection is to appoint one man to take all the responsibility and do the whole job; a man who can be trusted, who knows all about golf, and who has the leisure to make it his business to find out about players throughout the country.

Finally, did our Selectors ask the Canadian, Ross Somerville, if he would come over and play for us this year? If not, why not?



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BLUE Gillettes

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The Secret of the Perfect Steel Shaft

THE steel-shafted golf club to-day has completely ousted the hickory. Five years ago it was a novelty. The average player looked upon it askance as something of a freak; but its resilience, and the claims made, that a player could drive a longer and a straighter ball with a steel-shafted club, gradually gained ground. Golfers visited the pro.'s shop, swung the club, tried it out, and bought entirely new outfits. To-day, in most pro.'s shops the hickory is conspicuous by its absence.

It has created almost as complete a revolution in clubs as when the rubber-core ball ousted the old gutty. At the recent Dunlop Professional Tournament, out of eighty players seventy had not a single hickory in their bags. Abe Mitchell is the outstanding exception who prefers wood shafts.

Another point about the steel shafts. They were actually manufactured in England by Accles and Pollock, of Oldbury, near Birmingham, as far back as 1913. The war stopped the output and, until 1929, the Royal and Ancient placed a ban on their use for Championship meetings. In that year the Prince of Wales used steel shafts and won a competition at Coombe Hill Golf Club, with the result that the Royal and Ancient changed their minds. Since then the demand has never looked back.

I went, recently, over Messrs. Accles and Pollock's great engineering tubular-steel works, to see the making of these steel shafts, known as "True Temper" shafts and "Apollo" shafts, and learn the secret of their success. The process of making steel tubes, from operation to operation, is really amazing. The number of processes from a solid piece of steel until the perfected article, varnished and ready for use, is bewildering. The tubes are narrowed, tapered, softened, and tempered. Girls examine the shafts early for defects and all marked imperfect are cast aside. There are deflection tests, resilience tests, stepping operation, which give the shafts a series of steps, and various other operations, before, finally, the pretty girls in blue overalls complete the beauty preparation part of the business with varnish and finishing touches.

The two specialities made by Accles and Pollock for British Steel Shafts, Ltd., are the "True Temper" and also the "Apollo." All work on these shafts is British throughout, and it is interesting to note that not only do the manufacturers hold the entire home market, except for a comparatively few American shafts, which are subject to a high duty, but they export quantities to the Dominions and abroad. The secret of their success is the infinite care taken to place only perfect shafts on the market. You can always be certain of a "True Temper" or "Apollo" steel shaft.

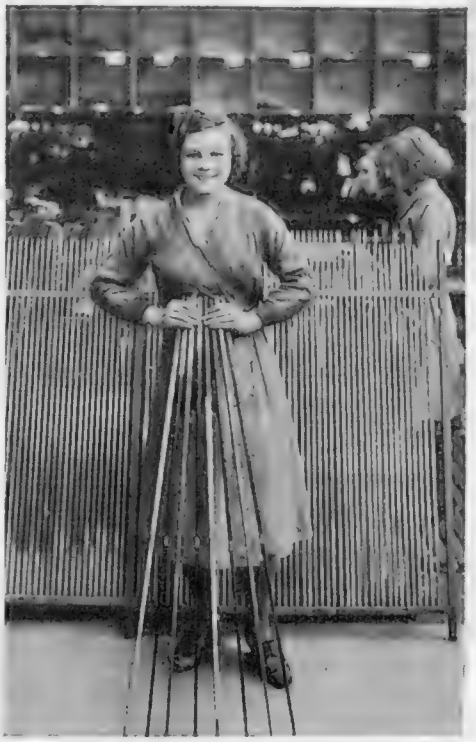
Whilst I was visiting the factory, I was struck with a new enterprise. This is an all-steel sea fishing-rod; very light, but, despite its light weight, it would probably be successful even against a tunny. It is sold, I believe, at 32s. 6d., a price which compares more than favourably with any split-cane rod on the market. The firm are experimenting also with salmon and trout rods.

COMYNS BEAUMONT

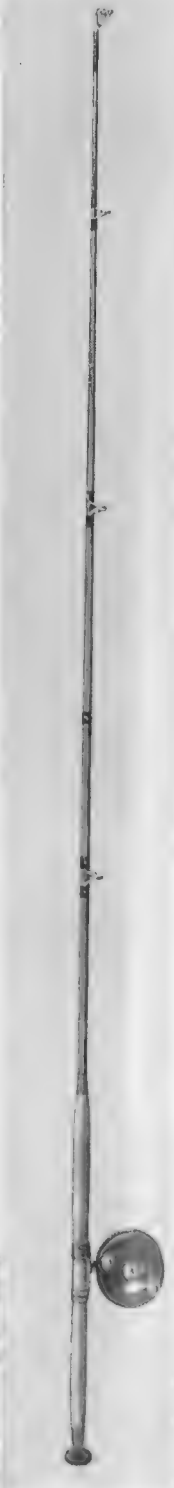
Left: straightening weldless steel shafts for golf clubs. This process requires specially trained eyes and hands to detect the least imperfection

Here are seen shafts in various degrees of manufacture—a straight tube ready for shaping; a "True Temper" shaft with three steps; and one complete with thirteen steps

Another of the many processes which go to make a perfect steel shaft. Tapering "Apollo" shafts, a delicate operation



Left: a "True Temper" girl, with smile, showing various types of finished shafts ready for use



Of interest to deep-sea fishermen—a new all-steel sea rod, light, flexible, but able to stand any strain. The price is remarkably cheap

There may be one or two of your friends who haven't yet discovered Moussec. It would be a neighbourly act to introduce them.

Watch their appreciation as they sip and savour. Watch their astonishment when they learn that so fine a wine can cost so little. They may have believed that no wine of to-day was worthy to be mentioned with the great names. Now they'll realise that Moussec *is* a great name—a sparkling wine in the best tradition.

Those who know something of the celebrated méthode champenoise used in the making of Moussec are often curious to know how the authentic process can be successfully carried out (as it is) in this country.

The answer lies in the life work of Pierre Rivollier, himself a celebrated champagne vintner, whose researches are recognised by the French Government. Rivollier discovered a new process of refinement—natural as the growth of the grape itself—whereby the wastage and uncertainty, so often associated with wine fermentations, could be prevented and the authentic quality of the vintage retained. This discovery has enabled the juice of grapes ripened on the champagne slopes to be fermented and matured here in England by the méthode champenoise without the addition of any trace of preservation or doping.

The illustration shows one single stage in this process . . . . . The ***rémuage sur pointes.***

The result is Moussec—a sparkling wine possessing all the natural properties—the character, the bouquet, the strength and stimulus—yet costing so very much less than any other wine approaching it in quality.

Moussec is now obtainable in a full range of bottlings: BOTTLE 6/6, ½ bottle 3/6, ¼ bottle 2/-, BONNE SANTÉ Crown cork ¼ bottle 1/8. L'APÉRITIF Crown cork 'baby' bottle 1/-.

YOUR WINE MERCHANT WILL INTRODUCE YOU TO MOUSSEC

MOUSSEC

Speed with Safety: By Charles Ward

The Air Racing Season

THE first important race of the season, that for the Coupe Deutsch, was an overwhelming success for the French, tempered somewhat by the fact that the element of international competition, with the exception of one private entry from England, was absent. The President of the Republic was there to see Maurice Arnoux win the race at an average speed of 241 miles an hour, flying a Caudron low-wing cantilever monoplane equipped with one of the latest Renault engines of 300 h.p. It was a particular success for the engine, a new type with six cylinders in line, inverted and air-cooled according to modern practice. Arnoux used a Ratier variable-pitch propeller and his engine speed for the 2000-kilometre course was in the region of 2900 r.p.m. It seems unlikely that the race for the King's Cup, to be flown at Hatfield in July, will produce such high speeds as those of the first three French machines in the Coupe Deutsch, all of which exceeded 200 miles an hour. The French racers were built specially for the event, and none of them had been approved by the *Service Technique*, whereas aircraft for the King's Cup race must have a C. of A. and be in every way safe to fly. Entries for the race to Australia were a complete surprise, no less than fifty-eight being made from thirteen different countries.

Miss Fiona Mackinnon, aged 13 months, christening her father's Dragon by releasing one of Lloyd's flags from the pilot's cockpit. Mr. Graham Mackinnon is a well-known pilot and an underwriter at Lloyd's

The "Comet"—A Mystery Moth

THE high spots of interest will be the performance of the much-advertised American aircraft and that of the "Comet," the British hope, three of which are being built by de Havillands. The "Comet" is to follow recent de Havilland practice, with tapered wings, but will be a low-wing monoplane with variable-pitch airscrews and retractable wheels, which are distinct innovations in the Moth family. The original Tiger Moth, which flew at 200 miles an hour some five or six years ago, is, I believe, the only other monoplane of de Havilland design. Flying trials are expected to take place early in August, and as Hatfield will be one of the starting-points for the race, some slight advantage may be gained in practising from an aerodrome of departure. The London Aeroplane Club's Garden Party was a refreshing change from the usual business of air displays. The weather was fine, everyone had a good view of the events, and the ground sports were great fun.

Sporting Events

PRINCE GEORGE has promised to attend the R.A.F. Flying Club's Display, to be given also at Hatfield on Saturday next, June 16th. The Club provides cheap flying for all past and present Air Force officers. Its President is Lord Trenchard, and members of the Committee include Captain A. G. Lamplugh, who has, incidentally, been elected the first President of the International Union of Aviation Insurers, and Flight-Lieut. R. W. Reeve, who is the chief instructor of the de Havilland School. Ex-Service pilots should write to the Secretary at Hatfield for particulars of the Club, which seems to offer some advantages not obtainable elsewhere. Good flying weather has led to a big increase in flying time at all aerodromes, 100 hours a week being exceeded at several centres. Brooklands, which seems particularly prosperous, held a private view at the beginning of the month. It was a model air display in that the events were well timed, not too many in number, and the guests enjoyed the hospitality for which Brooklands is well known.

A Racing Reverie *(Continued from page 494)*

refrained from backing Oatmeal, Golden King, Roi de Paris, Dispensation, and Highlander." Worm makes no reply, but gives orders to be called early on following Monday morning, so as to intercept letter from Messrs. Ladbroke marked "Private."

FOR weeks now life had been one long bundle of fun, culminating with a corking good day at Northolt and a perfectly "spiffing" evening at Eton, watching the fireworks. We had got used to winning, and every Monday, when the post rolled in, like Sophie Tucker, we opened them up boldly, little knowing what the future held in store for us.

I DO not attempt to explain the happenings of this gloomy day. It was just one of those days which come along every now and then to encourage the sons of bookmakers to carry on after the Guv'nor 's been called to his fathers.

I DO not begrudge the bookies their turn of luck, but I do urge them to remember my dear old nurse's words—that "Patience is a virtue," and also to bear in mind that in the height of the season the posts are not very good, and letters may easily take several days. Furthermore, after "five on the chin," some backers are apt to call a moratorium

I AM consoling myself, however, with the glad thought of how the Ring will spend their hard-earned winnings—when they get them. Mrs. Vernet and Tommy Graves will, of course, dance theirs away, though, very possibly, not together; while Jim Santry will naturally do his in backing himself at golf and billiards. For the others, I do not pretend to know, but I feel sure that such a great Christian body will find many deserving causes. Perhaps they will found a Home for broken punters?

Viscount Gough and Mrs. Fitzgerald, two of the numerous visitors seen at Epsom on the first day of the Derby Meeting

LOOKING back at a thoroughly expensive day, the things which remain uppermost in my mind are the heat of the sun, the hardness of the going, the pessimism of the punters, the number of extremely plain women, the excellence of the champagne, and the failure of Gordon Richards.

WHENEVER I say that the girls looked plain, there 's always the devil to pay, so I hasten to qualify this remark, as I noticed two trainers with as good-looking a couple as you 'd find anywhere. By the way they were plying them with champagne, I can hardly believe that they were their wives, and I have often noticed that, while trainers are often scornful of the product of someone else's stable, their scorn is confined to the horses.

THE final nail in our coffin was provided by Cresset, owned by one of the best sportsmen in the land, in Lord Portman, trained by Paddy Beary, and ridden by Michael. I have the honour to claim friendship with each one of this trio, and the more winners they turn out the better I shall be pleased, but I do wish they hadn't elected to win with an unconsidered outsider, when, in company with nearly everyone else, I had tried to get out on Highlander.

MICHAEL BEARY has had very little riding this year, but he has had enough to show us that there isn't a better jockey riding anywhere in the world. In the past Michael has not always been as tactful as he might have been, with the result that a number of stables have closed their doors to him. I am not concerned with Beary's rows or anyone else's, but I do maintain that anyone who lets personal prejudice prevent their engaging Beary is extremely short-sighted. He is a great jockey and a great horseman.

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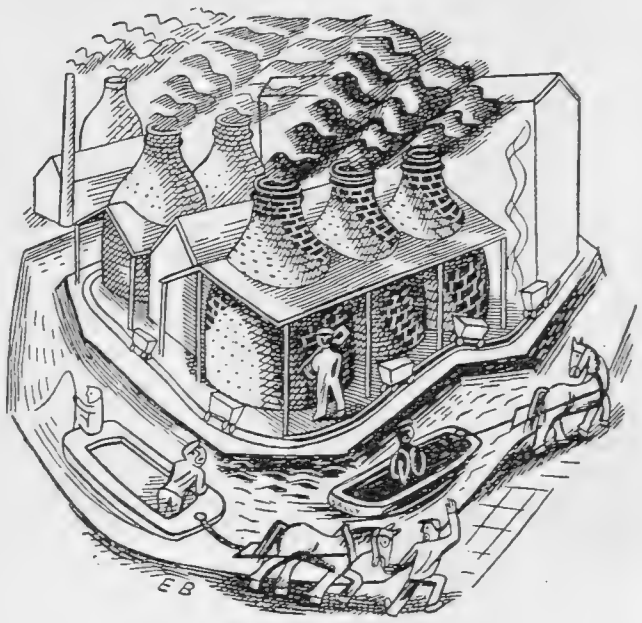
Eden - -	80 „ „ 11 „
des Alpes -	60 „ „ 9 „



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SHELL ON THE ROAD

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competitions: May Monthly Medal Results

Thirty spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. Handicap Division each summer month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March, inclusive, fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places. Full particulars will be sent on application.

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S. S.
Mrs. Norman McCaig	Wallasey	79	12	67	75	8 below
Miss M. C. Pickin	Leamington & Co.	83	16	66	74	8 "
Mrs. Allan Harvey	North Hants	83	15	68	75	7 "
Miss E. M. Smith	Bull Bay	77	12	65	71	6 "
Mrs. E. W. Tanner	Willingdon	79	9	70	75	5 "
Miss K. M. Burgan	Saltburn-by-the Sea	78	13	65	70	5 "
Mrs. B. de C. Hunter	North Hants	85	15	70	75	5 "
Mrs. Eli Higham	Wilpshire	80	9	71	75	4 "
Miss M. Radcliffe	Mullion	78	11	77	71	4 "
Mrs. J. Petropulo	Buxton & High Peak	83	14	69	73	4 "
Mrs. Carter	Trentham	87	16	71	75	4 "
Mrs. L. E. Walsh	Prestbury & Upton	89	17	72	76	4 "
Mrs. Adams	Trentham	88	17	71	75	4 "
Mrs. Roberts	Trentham	89	18	71	75	4 "
Miss R. E. J. Penman	Pollards Hill	79	11	68	71	3 "
Miss M. M. W. Copeland	Saltburn-by-the-Sea	78	11	67	70	3 "
Miss M. Fielding	Blackpool N.S.	85	14	71	74	3 "
Mrs. H. J. Bratby	Hale	83	14	69	72	3 "
Miss M. Bateman	Shirley Park	88	16	72	75	3 "
Miss N. Jones	Trentham	90	18	72	75	3 "
Mrs. John Heaton	Prestbury & Upton	79	5	74	76	2 "
Mrs. H. Roberts	Hesketh	78	6	72	74	2 "
Miss M. Sidney	Oakdale	81	7	74	76	2 "
Mrs. F. W. Brooks	Aston Wood	84	10	74	76	2 "
Mrs. Ollerenshaw	West End (Halifax)	79	11	68	70	2 "
Miss N. Williams	Sherwood Forest	86	12	74	76	2 "
Miss K. Cardwell	Worsley	84	12	72	74	2 "
Mrs. Hartopp-Holt	Derbyshire	86	14	72	74	2 "
Mrs. C. M. Mitchell	Sandwell Park	89	18	71	73	2 "
Mrs. J. B. Watson	Gullane No. 1	75	plus 1	76	77	1 "

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S
Mrs. T. S. Tait	Cuddington	97	34	63	76	13 below
Miss M. Lyons	Crewe	84	24	60	71	11 "
Mrs. Green	Huyton	87	24	63	73	10 "
Mrs. R. B. Broughton	Huyton	88	25	63	73	10 "
Miss Stiffe	North Hants	92	27	65	75	10 "
Mrs. V. M. Bennett	Bulwell Hall	89	29	60	70	10 "
Miss M. Sykes	Huddersfield	104	36	68	77	9 "
Mrs. Foreman	Shirley Park	88	21	67	75	8 "
Miss D. Richardson	Chevin	91	24	67	75	8 "
Mrs. Piper	Yelverton	95	27	68	76	8 "
Mrs. D. G. Adams	Coulsdon Court	100	33	67	75	8 "
Mrs. Hiley	Datchet	102	36	66	74	8 "
Miss E. Riddiford	Bedford & Cty.	95	27	68	75	7 "
Miss B. M. Pollitt	Worsley	94	27	67	74	7 "
Mrs. James Culmer	Leatherhead	94	28	66	73	7 "
Mrs. E. M. Tarr	Buxton & High Peak	97	31	66	73	7 "
Mrs. Casling	Ringway	97	31	66	73	7 "
Mrs. Goffey	Hesketh	103	35	67	74	7 "
Mrs. Bennett	Warrington	93	24	69	75	6 "
Miss M. Lawrence	Bedford & Cty.	98	29	69	75	6 "
Mrs. Shore	Marple	101	35	66	74	6 "
Mrs. G. D. Watson	Irvine	91	19	72	77	5 "
Mrs. J. E. Menesse	Rugby	87	21	66	71	5 "
Miss M. Beales	Cleethorpes	98	31	67	72	5 "
Miss Martin	Shirley Park	102	32	70	75	5 "
Mrs. Joe Byrd	Evesham	102	33	69	74	5 "
Miss O. Simpson	Tamworth	101	33	68	73	5 "

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss I. Edwards	Manchester	108	36	72	77	5 below
Mrs. H. D. Groves	Huddersfield	92	19	73	77	4 "
Mrs. L. P. Antrobus	Wilmslow	87	19	68	72	1 "

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Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
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THE COURTS

THEIR MAJESTIES' THIRD AND FOURTH COURTS: Buckingham Palace, June 12th and 13th.

THE THEATRE

Plays

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—Cedric Hardwicke and Edith Evans continue to act inimitably in the play about the lost masterpiece of a dead artist: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Leslie Banks excellent as Clive, the man of adventure; Gillian Lind equally good as his wife, in a historical drama of action and power: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

COMUS and COMEDY OF ERRORS: Open-Air Theatre, Regent's Park.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.—Elmer Rice's breathlessly energetic play, with Hugh Miller excellent as the Counsellor, Elspeth Duxbury as his secretary, and a cast that keeps going at top pace: Piccadilly, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE COUNTRY WIFE.—Wycherley's amusing indecencies and nimbly-phrased innuendoes are revived twice daily: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Elisabeth Bergner, victim of Sanger egotism in Margaret Kennedy's slender comedy, imbues her part with all the vitality, variety and inimitable gaiety and pathos of her personality and art: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LIBEL.—A legal play that's as tense as most crook stuff, with Nigel Playfair and Leon M. Lion, as the K.C.s, Malcolm Keen and Frances Doble: Playhouse, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

LIVING DANGEROUSLY.—A play by Reginald Simpson and Frank Gregory, with Godfrey Tearle as an unorthodox doctor: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.—Marie Tempest has the perfect part as the mother whose subtle philosophy works out better than the reckless foolishness or vice of her daughters, in H. M. Harwood's brilliant comedy: Queen's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PRECIPICE.—Anton Dolin as a neurotic ballet-dancer, torn between his hypnotising impresario (Francis Sullivan) and his loving admirer (Isobel Elsom); Brigitta also dances: Savoy, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

QUEEN OF SCOTS.—Gordon Daviot's new historical play, with Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as Mary, Laurence Olivier as Bothwell, G. Byam-Shaw as Darnley: New, 8.15. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

REUNION IN VIENNA.—Perfect polish, wit, and charm, and the authentic Viennese glamour in Robert Sherwood's play as acted by Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, Cecil Parker, and Clive Currie: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SHAPESPEARE FESTIVAL.—Stratford-on-Avon. Nightly at 8, matinées, Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SIXTEEN.—A play as delightfully acted as written, about a girl (Antoinette Cellier) who resents the marriage of her mother (Fabia Drake) to a second husband (Owen Nares); Muriel Aked and Helen Haye are in the cast: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

TOUCH WOOD.—Ian Hunter as the middle-aged husband, Dorothy Hyson as the girl who gives him a glimpse of renewed youth, Marie Ney as the unselfish wife, in C. L. Anthony's comedy: Haymarket, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

CONVERSATION PIECE.—Yvonne Printemps witty, mocking, always delightful, as the heroine of Noel Coward's Regency play; Pierre Fresnay takes the part of the elderly Duke; perfect décor and dresses: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GOLDEN TOY.—Ludwig Berger's Arabian Night, with Peggy Ashcroft, Ion Swinley, Ernest Thesiger, Nellie Wallace: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15, to June 16th.

HAPPY WEEK-END.—A musical farce, with nice tunes, and comedy-bubbles blown by the two Hungarians, Magda Kun and Steve Geray, and Louise Browne, leading the English team: Duke of York's, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, and Fred Emney as its further supports: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PICCOLI.—Podrecca's famous marionettes: Scala, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE QUAKER GIRL.—Another old favourite that revives well; gay and tuneful; Lorna Hubbard as the Girl, Eric Fawcett as her tempter: Garrick, 8.15. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

SPORTING LOVE.—A new all-laughing success, with Stanley Lupino as king laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?—Nelson Keys, Florence Desmond, and the Diamond Brothers are the high-lights of this star-ish revue: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

KING OF THE DAMNED.—Melodrama in a penal settlement, with Gyles Isham as the convict Percy Parsons as the Commandant, Marjorie Mars as his daughter: Lyceum, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmond Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE PRIVATE ROAD.—John Tilley gloriously funny as an amorous ex-schoolmaster, Edwin Styles neatly humorous as his rival, Dorothy Dickson as the attractive rose between two thorns: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.—A comedy of "bundling" in Declaration-of-Independence America, delightfully acted by the successful New York cast, with Peggy Conklin and Tonio Selwart as heroine and hero: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Wed., 2.30.

THE RED DOMINO.—All about the mystery of the Russian Crown Jewels, with Ann Bennett, Muriel White, Vincent Lawson: Kingsway, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Bernard Lee has now taken Robert Douglas's part: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks carries the play by being his inimitable self as the gay grandfather who marries a young wife (Claire Luce); Julia Neilson excellent as his mother: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

HELLO, AGAIN!—Ralph Lynn returns to London in an American success, as a Middle-West lecturer, Mary Glynne as his admirer: Shaftesbury, June 13th.

MEETING AT NIGHT.—By Margery Sharp, with Roger Livesey as a young airman, Leonora Corbett as a Society beauty, Dame May Whitty Helen Haye and George Curzon: Globe, June 14th.

OPERA AND DANCING

COVENT GARDEN.—*La Cenerentola*, with Conchita Supervia, June 12th and 14th; *Otello*, with Lauritz Melchior, and Beecham conducting, June 13th; *La Bohème*, conducted by Marinuzzi, closes the season, June 15th.

ARGENTINA, the fascinating dancer, gives a brief season: Aldwych, June 14th and 15th, 8.30, and June 13th, 3.0.

CINEMAS

EVER GREEN.—Jessie Matthews has her own part in the film version of C. B. Cochran's revue, with Sonnie Hale playing opposite: New Gallery.

HOLLYWOOD PARTY.—A galaxy of comedy stars make whoopee—Laurel and Hardy, Schnozzle Durante, Polly Moran, Mickey Mouse: Empire.

HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.—George Arliss in his finest part. This is Hollywood's answer to *The Private Life of Henry VIII.*: Tivoli.

LIEBES KOMMANDO.—A Viennese comedy, with Dolly Haas as the girl who served in an Austrian regiment, and Gustav Froeblich as the man she falls in love with: Academy.

MAN OF ARAN.—Robert Flaherty's epic of the Western Islands of Ireland, with a cast of islanders: Marble Arch Pavilion.

MURDER AT THE VANITIES.—Comedy stuff, with a song or two, with Carl Brisson, Jack Oakie, and Kitty Carlisle as stars: Carlton.

ROMAN SCANDALS.—Eddie Cantor's new riot of nonsense, aided by Ruth Etting, Gloria Stuart, and lots of girls: Leicester Square Theatre.

SPITFIRE.—In Katharine Hepburn's new film, she's both rustic and mystic; she lives in the mountains and falls for an engineer (Ralph Bellamy): Plaza.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS.—"Schoolmaster" Will Hay goes on the films as the magistrate in Pinero's farce: Regal.

TWO HEARTS IN WALTZ-TIME.—With Carl Brisson and Frances Day. And *Wings Over Everest*: Curzon.

UPPER WORLD.—With Warren William and Mary Astor. And *Such Women Are Dangerous*, with Warner Baxter and Rosemary Ames: Capitol.

MUSIC

Orchestral and Choral

HIAWATHA.—The Royal Choral Society and full symphony orchestra, conducted by Albert Coates, in T. C. Fairbairn's dramatised version of Coleridge-Taylor's great work: Albert Hall.

L.S.O., Conducted by Emil Khan, with Arthur Rubinstein as soloist, play a Mozart Symphony, Brahms No. 1 Concerto, Strauss' *Don Juan* and de Falla's *Nights in the Gardens of Spain*: Queen's Hall, June 15th. 8.15.

Recitals

KURT APPELBAUM.—Schubert piano recital: Wigmore Hall, June 12th, 8.30.

KEITH FALKNER.—English song recital: Aeolian Hall, June 13th, 8.30.

GERARD MOORAT.—Piano recital: Wigmore Hall, June 13th, 8.30.

KUTCHER QUARTETTE.— A Haydn-Franck-Goossens programme: Wigmore Hall, June 14th, 8.30.

BRANDT RANTZAU.—The Norwegian pianist gives a recital: Wigmore Hall, June 15th, 8.30.

MOISEIWITSCH.—Chopin-Liszt recital: Wigmore Hall, June 16th, 3.

EDNA THOMAS.—Recital of negro spirituels and plantation songs: Wigmore Hall, June 18th, 8.30.

(*Continued on page* C)

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What's On

(Continued from page B)

DANCING AND DINING

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CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—E. Lepore, the international tenor, sings in cabaret: Louis Simmonds and his band play.

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CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Sophie Tucker makes new "hans" every night; Howard Jacobs and his band make dance music extension night, Wednesday.

CHATHAM GRILL.—Good food and good wine, with no music, for lunch, dinner or supper: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—The Paradise Club Girls dance, with Sunny O'Dea and Marguerite and Leroy, as stars; Jack Jackson's band plays. One can dine outside on the terrace.

GAY ADVENTURE.—Esher.—A place to dine and dance outside London; the swimming-pool is now open.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The new Grosvenor Gaieties dance and sing at dinner and supper; Moscheto's and Syd Lipton's bands: extension night, Thursday.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Douglas Byng has another new batch of songs; Lew Stone and his Monseigneur band play for dancing: extension night, Thursday.

QUAGLINO'S.—Haschen Khan, the French singer, appears at midnight; Van Straten's band plays for dancing: extension night, Wednesday.

ROMANO'S.—Authentically Bohemian; the cabaret is an all-dancing one.

PAGEANTRY AND EXHIBITIONS

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ROYAL HORSE SHOW.—Revival of one of the season's classics: Richmond, June 14th—16th.

SEARCHLIGHT TATTOO.—The Services stage their grandest entertainment: Aldershot, June 16th, and 19th—23rd.

GARDEN PARTY.—In aid of the Princess Elizabeth of York Hospital for Children: The Holme, Regent's Park, June 12th.

FLOWER SHOW: Horticultural Hall, June 12th—13th.

SPORT

CRICKET.—England v. Australia, last day of first Test Match: Nottingham, to-day.

Australia v. Gentlemen: Lord's, June 16th, 18th, 19th.

LAWN TENNIS.—Wightman Cup: Wimbledon, June 15th—16th.

Beckenham: To June 16th.

POLO.—Lawson Cup Final: Roehampton, June 16th.

RACING.—Newbury Summer Meeting: June 13th—14th.

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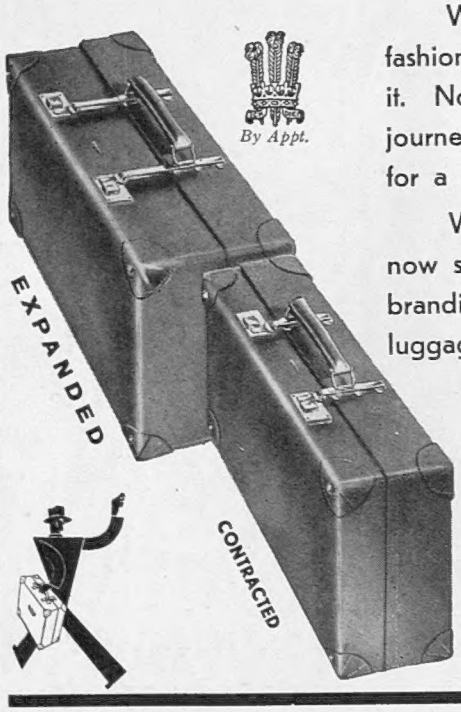

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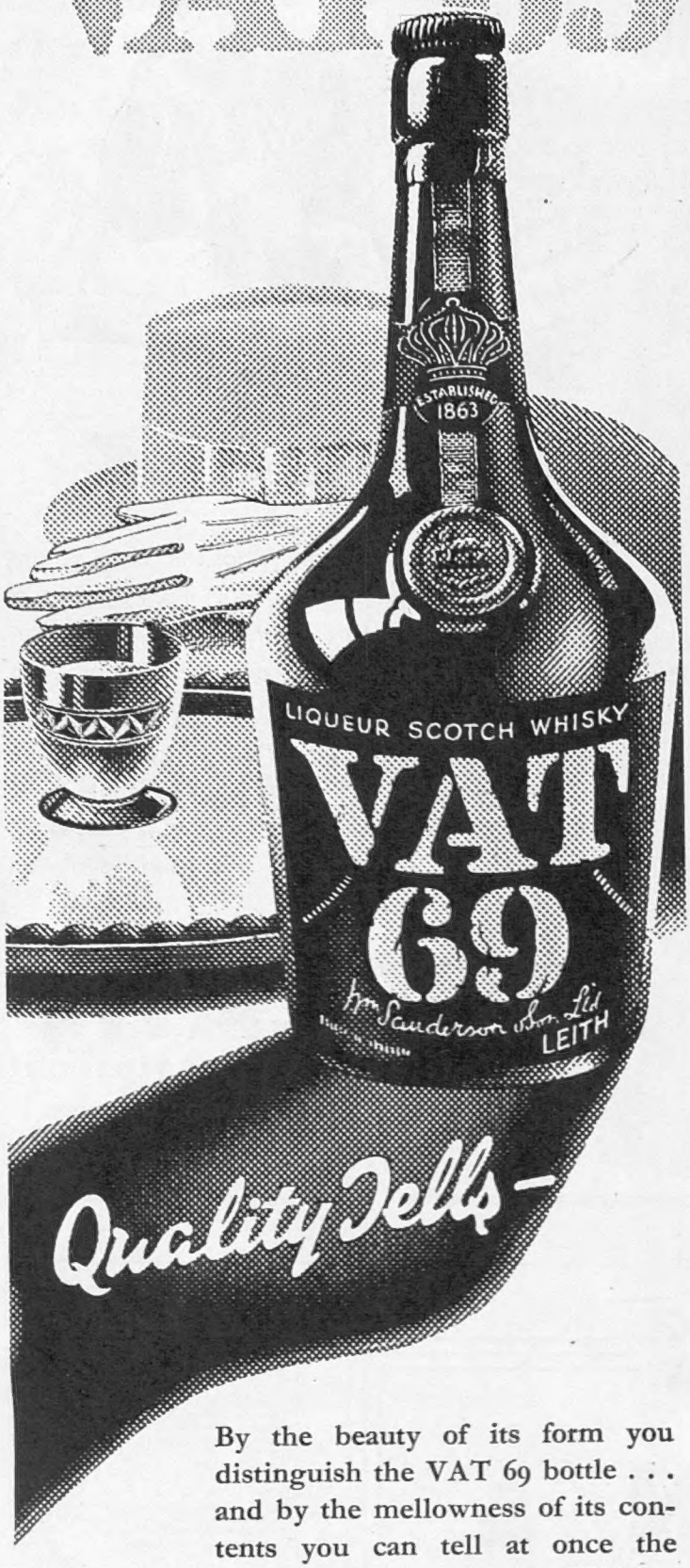

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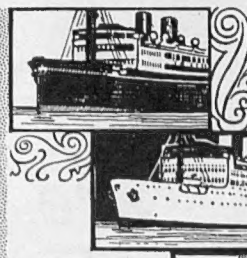

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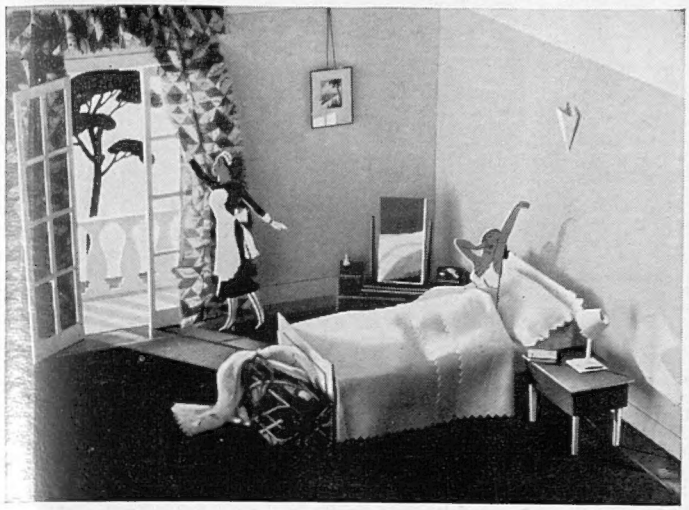

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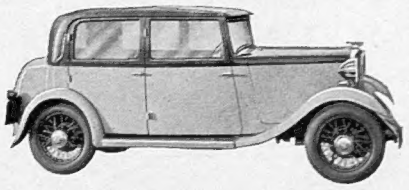

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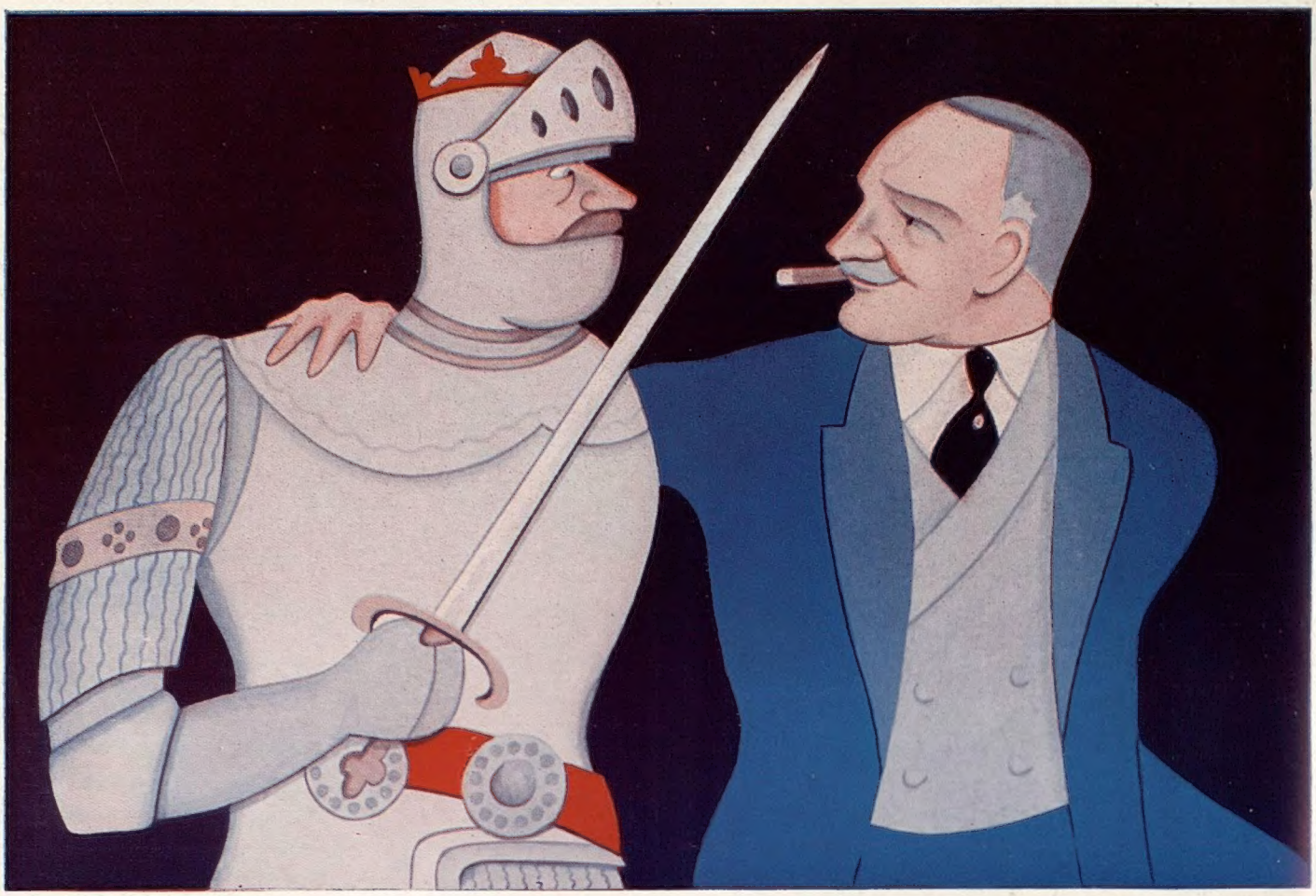

King Arthur becomes *Arthur the Enthusiastic*

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Arthur: "Don't talk to me of Avalon. I lost badly at that meeting. My trainer, Merlin, can't do anything right these days."

Duggie: "I know Merlin — charming fellow. So he has lost his magic touch, eh? Never mind. Why not try again?"

Arthur: "I will. That's a fine idea. I'll enter SIR GALAHAD and SIR LAUNCELOT for another tilt at Avalon. MORDRED is my only danger — I'm bound to win. I'll place a substantial bet with you. But first I must raise the stake money."

Duggie: "My dear King, don't let's drag money into it. Open a credit account. Any sum you like. Shall we say ten thousand crowns?"

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